THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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AMERICA AND IRELAND.

Able Speech of General Grosvenor, World's Fair Commissioner, in Cork City.

Ireland's Exhibits Solicited--Chicago is Placed Much Ahead of New York.

[*Cork Herald.*]

On Wednesday, Sept. 16, at the Imperial Hotel, a deputation from the Cork Incorporated Chamber of Commerce and Shipping, consisting of Mr. James Ogilvie, J. P., Mr. J. W. McMullen (President), Mr. Stanley Harrington (Vice President), Mr. T. J. Clanchy, and Mr. J. W. Green (secretary)—at the request of Gen. Piatt, United States Minister at Queenstown—waited on Gen. Grosvenor, Special Commissioner of the Treasury Department of the United States, who has been traveling over Europe in the interest of the Chicago Exposition. During his stay on this side of the Atlantic he visited Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and finished in Ireland. In answer to the queries of the deputation, Gen. Grosvenor said:

Gentlemen, I have been traveling in Europe under the appointment of the Treasury Department of the United States to promote in every way possible the best interests of the Chicago World's Fair. The balance of the Commission sailed for home a week ago last Saturday, but none of us having had the opportunity of coming to Ireland, it was thought best for me to come here, although Ireland is of course included in Great Britain, and I came to Ireland to talk with such gentlemen as I could get to hear me, very briefly and to the point, about the main features of this exposition. I take it that the magnitude of it does not need to be explained to you, gentlemen. You have read all about it, and understand it just as well as though I should talk with you for an hour. It is a national exposition, which we intend to make, and hope to make, very much larger than any other one that has ever been, because I suppose you agree with me that it would not be worth while to make a duplicate of some other exposition. We must make a better one than anyone else's, and leave it to the others to beat us if they can afterwards, and we will be very well satisfied if they do. The space there will be equal to twice that of the Paris exposition—double the size. And the money behind it amounts to something like twenty million dollars, certainly that is in sight. That is equal to five millions of pounds of your money.

The space is to be free to exhibitors, but each government which has been invited and which has accepted—and substantially all the civilized governments of the world have accepted—are expected to appoint a commission of their own, and you are interested, of course, in Great Britain, and they have already appointed a Royal Commission in London, of which I believe Sir Richard Webster is chairman, and have sent two of their members over with our Commission, and they are in Chicago now. Mr James Dredge and Sir Henry Wood have gone over to see about space and location of your especial exhibit. Now that is the outline. My object in coming to Ireland, or rather an object that grew upon me about as soon as I came to Ireland, was to suggest and try to promote the idea of a distinctive Irish exhibit—not distinctive in being independent of Great Britain, because that could not be; but distinctive in being a section of the British exhibit, so as to bring together the productions of Ireland. It may not strike you at first, but we are very much interested in Ireland. In the first place we are pretty friendly with Ireland, and in the second place we have most of Ireland ourselves. We have more Irishmen than you have, and our Irish men are growing in numbers, and I do not believe yours are, because when we get an Irishman we keep him, and you do not keep all of yours. A very large number of our Irish citizens are prominent citizens, well to do people, men in Congress, men on the bench, men in the legislature of the States, merchants, professors of colleges, men of character farmers and producers in the country; but they are, of course, like all other Irishmen, very much attached to Ireland yet. They have not forgotten the old country, and we think that it would be exceedingly pleasant to them, and would bring numbers of them together at Chicago, and I think I will just introduce myself here.

I think that America would be greatly surprised at the exhibits that Ireland could make. We have been led to suppose, and we have supposed, that you were purely an agricultural country, although we know, of course, there was a time when you were a very large manufacturing country. But I have been very agreeably surprised to see that you are manufacturing a good deal yet, and your manufactures are peculiar, and especially your linen, your lace, your tweeds— these woollen goods that are, notwithstanding all your complaints and grumbling about the M. Kinley Bill and all that sort of thing, still coming into the American market and being sold, and I assure you are sold at a profit, and so far as your iron manufactures are concerned they are improved by the McKinley Bill by the reduction of the tariff. At any rate, this is to be said, and this is an answer to all the objections in my judgment. We expect the buyers of the world to be in Chicago— the men of the tariff countries and the men of free trade countries, and the men who represent the commercial interests of the world—and you can not have a better place to exhibit your especial industries than at Chicago. Of course it is not for me now to say how this thing shall be done. A very few words at Dublin brought out from the *Irish Times* there a very strong editorial in favor of the suggestion of an independent, quasi independent, Irish exhibit, and in my talk around, and everywhere, there is a special anxiety to carry out this idea, and the only question in my mind is how to do it, and that is a question that we have nothing to do with. You have a Royal Dublin Society, which I do not know personally anything about. I do not know what their especial functions are. It is reported there that they have been invited to take some sort of leadership in this matter by the London Royal Commission. Now, that is the object of my visit in a few words, and I shall be very glad to hear from you, gentlemen, about any question of transportation or Customs regulations, or any other thing that relates to this matter, and then I want to just leave it in your hands, and want you to know I came to Cork, and came in a representative capacity, to invite Cork to take a special hand in this thing, and then you can do what you think would be to your best interests.

Now, whether negotiations could be carried on that would bring about the transportation of your exhibits from Queenstown, you know just as much about that as I do, and, of course, you know all about your facilities for getting your goods to Liverpool. We are going to take care of the matter of shipments on the other side, and the Treasury regulations will permit the shipment of goods direct from any European port into the exposition grounds without any further trouble. They must be invoiced just as though they were being shipped for sale, at a valuation just as you would any other goods, and they will not be handled in New York. This is not exactly the reading of the present regulation. It looks as though there must be a consignee in the city of New York; and as soon as our Commission can make its report, you will be furnished through our Consular service all over the country with the exact details of that. The intention is that the grounds of the Exposition shall be in substance practically a custom house; that is the Customs authorities will be there on the ground all through the Exposition, from May until October, and these goods will go consigned to the British Commissioners, or to whomever else inside of that ground you see fit to receive them. Selling will be allowed at the close of the exposition of any of the exhibits upon the payment of the duties just as it has been everywhere; but there is a certain class of goods that I intend to ask the Treasury to make a modification so that they may be sold and replaced; but what they may do about that I cannot promise you. I can only promise you what I know can be done.

Now, there is an open question about the transportation from New York to Chicago. There are four great lines of railroads leading direct. Many of you, gentlemen, have been to America, I suppose; but the time is twenty five hours from New York to Chicago. Those four great lines of railroads have already agreed, already tendered and offered to carry goods at half price—that they will carry them to Chicago and back to New York at one price; but the Commission that has gone home will urge and insist that that shall be modified to the extent of carrying them at half price each way. You can see the importance to the exhibitor of that, and that I think we can very well afford to do. We have put that exhibition inland, and the more I see of the people and talk with them, the more I am glad we did not locate it in New York. Gen-

something of a great country do not desire to go to a seaport and stop there, and New York is more a cosmopolitan entrepot to a great country than it is a representative city of a great country and Chicago represents the activity and life of American growth and prosperity of to-day. It has a city that has grown in ten years from something like 500,000 to-day of more than a 1,300,000 people. There is nothing like it in the history of the growth of cities anywhere. It is a beautiful city. Of course, it is said everybody will suffer from the hot weather. We do have some hot weather occasionally, and I wish we could distribute some of it in Ireland this year, and especially during last month. Regarding transportation rates by the steamship companies, attention will be called to that, and that must be carried on through negotiations with your steamship lines, and whatever you can do to promote that is for you to do. One thing, it seems to me, we can certainly bring about. I am ignorant of the condition here, but it seems to me we can bring about the facility of shipping these goods from Queenstown. The rule about wards is that there will be medals. That is the understanding. Space will be allotted free, and so far the regulations have not been completed in regard to power; but the understanding is that exhibitors who simply want to exhibit the machinery, without doing something else in the way of manufacture, will be furnished the power free, and of course, there will be concessions for the manufacture and sale of whatever anybody wants to do—anything that can be made and sold may be made and sold without any tariff. It becomes our manufacturers, it is made on our soil, there is to be a dedication in October 1892—a ceremony of dedication in which the president will go there and take part and a great occasion will take place in the way of speeches and memorial exercises of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.

On the 1st of May following, 1893, the Exposition opens fully lasting until the end of October. Really, my appointment here was by the president, to especially go along with this commission and explain the Customs regulations, but I have branched off and got hold of the whole subject, and I have done in Ireland what the other gentlemen would have done had they come here.

Literary Notes.

There are a number of noteworthy papers in *The Arena* for October which many readers will appreciate. Such for example as Dr. George Stewart's paper on Lowell,—it is critical, yet very entertaining; a fine portrait of Mr Lowell taken from the last photograph of the great poet forms a frontispiece of this number. Dr Henry Wood writes on "Healing through the Mind." Hamlin Garland contributes a paper on Mr. and Mrs James A Herne. Theodore Stanton discusses "Some Week spots in the French Republic." Moncure D Conway writes on "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar." Thaddeus B. Wakeman defends Nationalism. H. C. Bradsby discusses our present political outlook under the caption "Leaderless Mobs." The contents of this issue of *The Arena* are as usual marked by variety in subjects while all the papers given are able, entertaining and in touch with the living thought of the hour.

AN AMERICAN OPINION.

[*Chicago Evening Post, Oct. 7.*]

The announcement of the sudden death of the greatest political engineer that this century has produced, comes as a shock to the whole civilized world. And the century has produced giants. There are men living who will go down to posterity in the front rank of the chosen few who have made nations and won signal triumphs for humanity. But among the living or the dead who have crossed life's threshold since Napoleon swept like a whirlwind over Europe—and judged strictly by the exact condition of their existence—there is no single figure standing out in such bold relief as that of the Irish leader who has just passed away to immortality.

In the presence of this abrupt termination to such a massive and splendid career all reasonable men will sink their differences of opinion about an offense which clouded for a moment the reputation of a hero. Now that the great leader is dead the world will pause to consider the accomplished facts of his life, against which, weighed carefully in the balance, all the aberrations will count as if they had not been.

There are just two men of the century who can with any justice be compared with Mr. Parnell. One of them is Count Cavour, who placed Italy again among the nations, and the other is Prince Bismarck, who transformed a number of petty states into one mighty empire. But time and opportunity were fully ripe for the Italian and the German. They had great allies. All the popular forces of Europe worked in their favor. Happy accident played over and over again into the hands of Cavour, and good fortune came not infrequently to the aid of Bismarck as he stood the military autocrat at the head of 2,000 000 fighting men.

Neither architect under the sword came to the assistance of the Irish leader. When he entered the house of commons less than twenty years ago he stood alone against six hundred representatives who detested him as an enemy of the human race. But he stood with his back to the wall, the very Ishmael of the century. Through the long years he stood practically alone, fortified by the conviction that he had justice upon his side and that the frozen current of Irish nationality awaited the touch of his magic wand before flowing freely from another Horeb. Gradually stragglers found their way to his camp. His little band became a regiment, and ultimately an army—an army, too, as described by Mr Balfour, the most effective fighting machine on earth.

When Parnell began his political career he was alone in believing that the English parliament could ever have been brought to its knees begging for his support. But the British parliament has been reduced to exactly that position. And now that the great career is closed, the one strong man in a distant age has been amplified until he has become twenty million of earnest men solemnly pledged to the creation of an Ireland united, at last and forever. Judged by these sources of his dispersal, Parnell accomplished greater things than any man of the century, and he only differs from Napoleon in the fact that his triumphs are solid, permanent, irrevocable.

Defending Parnell's Memory.

Charles F Kelley presided at a special meeting of the Irish Columbian club held last Sunday at the headquarters of the society, the object being to take action on the death of Parnell. Each member wore a band of black crape tied to his left arm with a knot of green ribbon, and on his breast a badge inscribed: "In memory of our own Parnell, the spirit of whose teachings shall be our inspiration in our efforts for the freedom of our native land.

Freedom doth arise oft from statesmen's strife,
Oft from battle's flashes,
Oft from hero's life,
Oftenest from his ashes."

The attack made on Parnell by Archbishop Walsh was vehemently denounced and a resolution scoring Tim Healy was introduced, but instead of being indorsed was voted down on the ground that "Healy was too scurrilous a person to be even mentioned by decent irishmen." It was resolved to send a delegation to the Parnell memorial meeting held at the Grand Pacific last Monday night. It was also decided to request the co operation of the Gaelic Athletic Association in doing honor to the memory of Parnell. Among those present were: James J. Trant, W. J. Healey, John B Foley, John F Ryan, Thomas J Masterson, Bernard McMahon, Thomas Bagley, P J Gallagher, George W Nolan, Joseph G Ryan, Thomas Kilgallon, P G Smyth, Eugene Davis, Daniel J Kelly, M E Ingram, M W Quinn, J. J. Parcell, Frank Henderson, Edward McGrane E M. Rommel, Edward Dowd, Col R O S Burke, Prof James O'Connor, P S Reilly, Dr Leahy, of Lemont, P Higgins, Edward Murray, J J Roche, D. P Foley, Hugh J. Archer, M. Connolly, and James P Lyman.

A QUEER POLICY.

It was deemed best by the Irish National Burial Association, at its annual meeting at No 56 State street last Sunday afternoon, to take no action on the death of Parnell. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Lawrence Buckley; Vice President, D O'Connor; Secretary, John Markey; Trustees, Martin Maloney, Michael Fitzgerald, M J Kelly, Thomas Doyle. The treasurer's report showed an encouraging condition of finances. During the year forty seven names were added to the rolls and the association has now 964 members.

ON IRISH SOIL.

Mr. Maurice O'Connor, of Chicago, Contributes a Highly Readable Letter From Ireland.

The Battlefield of Aughrim, Ballinasloe, Athlone, "Loyal" Flunkeyism, and Other Matters.

An Interview With Mr. Parnell.

[*To the Editor.*]

CAVAN, Ireland, Sep 16.—It was a wild, blustering morning in August when, after an absence of twenty-five years, we caught our first glimpse of the Irish shore. The headlands of Kerry and of Cork did not give us, as John Locke would put it, a hearty greeting but an uproariously hearty one; so much so, in fact, that we had to abandon all idea of landing at the Cove, and had to put on steam for Liverpool. It was my first trip—an unintentional one as you may observe—to the land of the Saxon. Like some at least of the survivors of the Irish revolutionary movement of 1867, I never had and never can have any friendly feelings towards John Bull politically. He is still what John Mitchel described him to be some decades ago, the arch highway robber of humanity; but I must in justice give him credit for qualities of push and independence, grit and activity, which, if possessed by our own race, would have long since made us solemasters of our own land. I did not spend much time under the cold grey skies of Albion. Taking the steam packet from Holyhead, I reached Dublin, where the first effects of British misrule were visible in the half deserted quays and in the listless, dreary streets of a city which was once in population and in splendor the fourth metropolis of Europe. Grafton street and the lower portion of O'Connell street were the only thoroughfares that reminded me in the slightest degree of the commercial enterprise of Chicago. Dublin struck me as being more of a city of the past than of the present. With very few exceptions its fine buildings, such as the Bank of Ireland, the Custom House, and the former residences of the gentry in Rutland Square and elsewhere were erected during the brief era of legislative independence which dated from 1782 to 1800. I paid a visit to Glasnevin cemetery, where I saw the graves of Terence Bellew McManus, John O'Mahony, and J. K Casey, as well as the modern round tower that marks the spot where lie the remains of Daniel O'Connell.

IN KILLARNEY.

Taking the train from King's bridge I was whirled in a few hours into my native county of Kerry and got off at Killarney, where I remained for several days enjoying the scenery of the world renowned lakes. Muckross Abbey, Innisfallen, and other spots formed a portion of my itinerary. The Gap of Dunloe, leading into the lakes, is one of those magnificently picturesque sights that can never be forgotten. It is rather difficult, however, to enjoy thoroughly the beauty of the scene when you are pestered beyond all patience by a veritable horde of women and girls laden with bottles and clinking glasses, who attempt to force on you a beverage composed of water and goat's milk, which they call "Kate Kearney's Mountain Dew." The stuff is tolerably good, and some of the girls are positively pretty, with their peculiarly Irish dark hair and blue eyes; while their sweet melting brogue chimed forth "sure 'tis only sixpence a glass, sir," is powerful enough to wheedle the birds off the bushes; but the rattling of coin amid such surroundings sounded on my ears like the clamor of the money changers in the temple.

I started from Killarney to Ballybunion, and had a very pleasant trip through the country. I subsequently crossed the Shannon to Kilrush, paid a flying visit to Ennis, once the home of that whole souled artisan patriot the late Michael Considine, and crossed the borderland into

THE COUNTY GALWAY.

I found in this county sad and pitiful traces of the murderous work of landlordism. The evil ravages of this felonious system were evident for fifteen miles due east of the "Citie of the Tribes." The town of Athenry is actually flanked on all sides by a howling desert. Vestiges of tumble-down and roofless homesteads, acres of a once fertile land fast becoming barren moors, and the dread silence of desolation brooding over all were so many mute but terribly eloquent witnesses of the havoc wrought throughout the recent land war by the shylock *shoneens* of the locality. Galway town is, of course, a decaying centre of industry and population; yet the cancer that is ranking in its bosom cannot detract from the eternal beauty of its bay. Its past association with Spain is evident in the Andalusian eyes of many of the women, and in the picturesque headgear that they wear. Leaving Galway I proceeded to Ballinasloe—not for the purpose of visiting the scene of the greatest of Irish horse fairs, but with the view of paying a patriotic pilgrimage to the spot where

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM

was fought and lost. Mounting an Irish jaunting car, I drove out to the battle ground which has been so vividly depicted on canvas by the well known Mr Mulvaney of Chicago. The battlefield is situated some six miles outside Ballinasloe, and half a mile from Aughrim proper. When we reached the grounds we dismounted and crossed into the fields. The land all around here is the best I have seen in this country, and the field where St. Ruth was killed, and which is called after the general, is one of the most fertile spots in the entire island. A massive time worn tree marks the place where he fell. Ballinasloe is a quiet, cozy little town of some 5000 inhabitants, and is situated on a rising slope commanding a view of the Suck, one of the tributaries of the Shannon. From Ballinasloe I sped on to Athlone, the geographical centre of Ireland, a sleepy old town that has one foot in Leinster and another in Connaught, and where the average tourist discovers a more than usual amount of gushing loyalty to "our" gracious queen and her "evenly" balanced constitution. The Pecksniffian flunkeyism of its inhabitants stands revealed in the names which they have bestowed on their various hotels. One of these establishments, for instance, is called "The Prince of Wales" and another "The Royal." And, what is worse, throughout all this portion of Ireland you cannot go anywhere without knocking up against inns bearing the sonorous titles of "The Crown," "Her Majesty," "The Imperial," "His Royal Highness," &c. When you put up at any of these hostelries you find yourself steeped to the hips in a cesspool of toadyism. When I get back to the States I must per orm some very radical ablutions to rid myself of this disgusting miasma.

ON LOUGH REE.

The old bridge of Athlone, which has figured so prominently in the annals of Irish heroism, has long since disappeared. It has been replaced by a very solid structure which a sergeant and ten men could easily demolish. It has five massive arches, and, were it not for modern artillery, might be considered impregnable. A saw mill marks the spot from which the enemy started on the historic day of the fight. A garrison of 1 000 red coats lives and loafs across the river on the Roscommon side. These jaunty, blustering hirelings, accompanied by a host of Irish blue coats known as the royal Irish constabulary, parade Athlone night and day in such numbers that you would imagine the old town was actually in a state of siege. Having left Athlone and its West British excrescences far behind me, I spent some delightful hours on the banks of the lovely Lough Ree, whose charms have been celebrated in the poems of J. K Casey ("Leo"), and where I verily believe the traveler feasts his gaze on more picturesque scenes than those which are to be found in Lemans or in Como.

SEEING PARNELL IN LISTOWEL

Last Sunday I was in Listowel, in the county Kerry, when a large meeting of his followers was addressed by Mr. Parnell. I had a hearty shake hands with the gentleman at the close of the demonstration. He is a man of extraordinary energy, and continues to have unbounded hope in the ultimate success of his campaign. In the course of a conversation I had with him he expressed his profound thanks to Mr. John F Finerty and THE CITIZEN for their warm and enthusiastic championship of his cause. Mr. Parnell, having been under the impression that the well known song, "Parnell Abu," was the composition of Mr Eugene Davis, I set him aright on the matter, giving credit where credit was due, viz: To the editor of THE CITIZEN, who had originally written it for a Parnell demonstration in Chicago. Having been asked on the occasion by some of Mr Parnell's friends to sing it, I did whatever justice it was in my power to do to its patriotic strains, after which Mr. Parnell smiled his acknowledgments and we separated.

I have not as yet concluded my tour, but so far as I have seen, the country does not seem to be suffering from any acute distress just now. From this, of course, it must not be inferred that it is in any sense of the word prosperous. The harvest prospects are, however, as I write, tolerably good, and will continue to remain so if Jerry Rusk continues to behave himself. The political agitation now going on here may be summarized in a very few words. It is nothing less than a death struggle between Parnell and the priests. Time only can tell whether or not the Irish people will prefer a politico-ecclesiastical regime to a purely national and independent one.

MAURICE M O'CONNOR

OBITUARY.

MR. HUGH P McELRONE

We deeply regret to learn from the New York *Freeman's Journal* of the death of Mr. Hugh P. McElrone, who had attained a standing and celebrity as a writer most remarkable for a man of his years. Mr. McElrone was born in Columbia S C, thirty three years ago this month, of Irish ancestors, his parents being to this day remembered in that city for their piety, refinement and generosity.

Young Hugh was wonderfully precocious as a child, at 11 actually contributing articles of genuine merit to the local press. He received a good private and academical education, and even as a boy had mastered a range of reading that would have been remarkable for a mature man. At 15 we remember it being said of him that he had read every leading author from Chaucer to Cardinal Newman. The works of the latter were ever a favorite of his. He read many of them over as often as twenty times. In fact, of all the great readers who have come under our notice, Mr McElrone stood out as the greatest but one. Were the book Greek, Latin, French, Italian or Spanish, it was all the same to him. He devoured it ravenously, and, what was more, carried away with him every thing of real value contained in it. His literary taste was natural and his style easy and graceful. His first introduction into journalism was as a contributor of both prose and poetry to the former at Southern papers. Later, he removed to Baltimore, and there became editor of the *Catholic Mirror*, at the same time extending his labors as a contributor and author. While editing the *Mirror* he wrote, compiled and edited the life and writings of Bishop England, the "Memorial Volume" of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, and about forty other books on as many different subjects. Six years ago he came north to accept a place on the staff of the *Irish World*. Since then he has acquired considerable note as a successful writer for the magazines, from the *Century* to *Catholic World*, and *Donahoe's Magazine* all being freely and generously opened to him. He has more recently written for the *Freeman's Journal*, the Pittsburg *Catholic*, and other papers, all of whose readers will specially regret the early close of his career.

While learned beyond his years, Mr. McElrone was strangely lacking in the ambition to display his personality. He wrote largely for the good that might be done, and up to within two weeks of his death his pen was as facile as ever it was. When he was no longer able to wield it, his courage failed him and his heart gave way. He was a deeply religious man. The lives of the saints and the higher ideals of Christian life were to him ecstacies of delightful reverence and meditation. Few knew him as did the writer, and few, in his opinion, go before their God with a nobler, purer soul than does the unpretentious but accomplished Hugh McElrone. He was a victim of consumption—the legacy of a hard winter and la grippe. He died surrounded by every comfort that a devoted wife and loving mother could bestow in his home at 372 Pearl street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, Aug 11, having been duly prepared for his end by the sacred rights of that holy church in whose defense he had struck his heaviest blows, and of whose doctrines he was a most ardent and devoted follower. His sister is the beloved Superioress of the famous Ursuline Convent at Columbia, and to her and the whole McElrone family we extend the sorrowful sympathies of the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. May the soul of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.—*Donahoe's Magazine for October.*

MR. PATRICK DUNN.

Mr Patrick Dunn died at his residence, No 35 Nebraska street, in this city, and was buried on the 13th inst. at Calvary cemetery, the funeral taking place from the Jesuit church. Mr. Dunne was a native of Ardagh, in the county Limerick, and was engaged in the rising of 67 the was afterwards compelled to leave Ireland. Mr Dunne was an honest, industrious man, and an enthusiastic Irishman, and a lover of Parnell and everything connected with the land of his birth. He was a good, law abiding American citizen, and a patriotic Irishman.

MICHAEL FINAN.

Mr. Michael Finan, No. 2730 Fifth avenue, this city, died recently of consumption in the 50th year of his age. He left his wife and four children, three boys and a girl, to mourn an irreparable bereavement. Mr. Finan was born in the county of Sligo, Ireland, and came to America in his early youth. He devoted himself to business, and as a tea merchant, became a great success. His constituency was a large one, and all who knew him loved and honored him, because of his simplicity and integrity. He was a member of the Catholic Order of Foresters and other Catholic associations. The funeral occurred from the house to St. James' church and was very largely attended. Requiem high mass was offered up after which the following pall bearers bore the honored remains to the hearse which conveyed it to Calvary cemetery, where the interment was had: Messrs. Martin Mulcahy, John Sweeney, Thomas Finegan, J J Clennon, John Coyle, William Fitzgerald, Michael Sheehan, and William Gavin.

WILLIAM BOWLER.

William Bowler, brother of Officer Maurice Bowler, died Oct 6, 1891 after a lingering illness of nearly three years' duration. Deceased was born on a farm at Filemore, near the town of Cahirciveen, county Kerry, Ireland, fifty years ago, and was one of a numerous family—ten sons and four daughters, one-half of whom survive him. Many years ago the deceased went west to Nevada and followed mining as an occupation until January, 1880, when he first was attacked by the illness which terminated fatally, while traveling by night on a stage from one mining camp to another, this was in the form of a severe cold which eventually culminated in consumption and from which he never recovered. Last summer Mr. Bowler came to Chicago intending to go to Ireland and despairing of recovery wished that his remains be interred with those of his kindred in motherland, but he became gradually weaker and in that respect his wishes were not realized as the journey across the ocean was more than he could endure, and he calmly reconciled himself to the inevitable and peaceably passed away at his brother's residence, No. 112 Washburne avenue, fortified by the consolations of our holy religion. He was unmarried.

Base Ball.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	21	13	8	.619
Garde City	22	13	9	.591
Franklins	22	10	12	.545
West Ends	22	11	11	.500
Rivals	21	10	11	.476
Brands	22	8	14	.364

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 5 Franklins 11 Garden City 8, Rivals 10. West Ends 2, Brands 10.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the west, Northwest Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The faces of the bishop and his companion grew grave and gloomy when they learned the purport of Humbert's dispatch; their looks expressed apprehension of impending tumult, plunder, and worse.

"Then it appears we have reached the crisis," said the loyalist bitterly, and that the reign of outrage is to begin—for scarcely will the French have left town when those rude semi-savage peasants shall burst all restraint, and pillage, and perhaps bloodshed, become the order of the day."

"I warrant you shall be proved a false prophet, sir," exclaimed Barrett, indignantly; "your fears are the result of an uneasy conscience."

"Monsieur Kirkwood may compose himself," said Col. Charost, when the cause of the altercation was explained to him; "perhaps he is not aware that Capt. Ponson and myself are ordained to remain here."

"Famished wolves are closing us in on every side," was the retort, "and what can two men effect though ever so brave and vigilant?"

The French officer shrugged his shoulders. "You anticipate attack, plunder bloodshed. Peste! then those Irish must be much worse than I take them to be. But I think I see a way out of the difficulty."

"Ha, the powder"—he again consulted the dispatch—"just 28,600 pounds of it lying around us, liable to be exploded any moment by a spark from a tobacco pipe, and to send us all flying heavenward—the only means, I fear some of us shall ever have of going in that direction. The powder to be privately buried, or else thrown into the sea—so orders the General. Well, we shall see to it. Meantime the reserve must be sent off at once. Col. Barrett, you will order the 'rally' to be beaten in the courtyard. And, Monsieur l'Eveque, as Capt. Ponson and I have to remain here to preserve order, you will consider it only reasonable that one of your sons shall accompany the reserve to Castlebar as a hostage for our safety.

The bishop turned pale, and sighed as he murmured a reluctant consent.

Soon afterwards the roll of the kettle drums called the two hundred Frenchmen to arms, and, taking with them as hostages Dr. Stock's third son, Arthur, they marched away from Killala, leaving the little seaside town in charge of Col. Charost and Capt. Ponson, Ferdinand O'Donnell, and Maj. Bellew, who had under them 200 Irish recruits. These latter formed a camp in the bishop's demesne, where musket and pike exercise was carried on with exemplary zeal, but where otherwise the discipline was not of the strictest.

As for the English squadron in the bay it made no hostile demonstration beyond the burning of the two sloops. First three and then two of the blockading ships—if blockade it might be termed—raised anchor and sailed away towards Sligo, leaving the wide, watery expanse shipless and desolate looking once more, from the sandy shores to the blue sea horizon where anxious eyes daily looked for the topsails of the fleet of Hardy.

The prattling of the French drums had scarcely died out in the distance when, throwing insurrectionary care for a brief breathing space to the winds, Barrett and O'Donnell took Maeve apart for a stroll and chat beneath the trees of the demesne, athrough whose foliage, gleaming in the first sun of September, came at intervals a wreath of the blue smoke from the neighboring campfires of the insurgents.

A vivacious trio of conversation was interrupted by a messenger from the bishop with a courteous invitation to dinner, which was accepted.

They found a fairly large company assembled round the board of Dr. Stock. The members of the bishop's family made in themselves a respectable array; the olive branches were numerous. Anigh the well shaven face with its settled look of dignified suavity, of the bishop, beamed the plump countenance of the chef de demi brigade—for such was Charost's title, an equivalent of lieutenant colonel. Further down sat the vivacious Navarese, Ponson, whose small, black eyes, ever alight with seeming mischief, at once commenced darting ogling glances at Maeve, who blushed more than once under the ordeal. Ponson, as previously shown, was a young Republican of the evil, atheistic school. Even on this occasion he could not suppress his ridiculing scorn of all kinds of religious custom; as he noticed the bishop saying grace his features first wore a look of intense surprise, then were twitched with a with a convulsive grimace, and, murmuring an excuse, he hastily quitted the room.

"What is the matter with Captain Ponson?" asked Dr. Stock in amazement, as he observed the vacant chair and the departing form.

"Just a twinge of his atheism," answered Charost in a whisper. "You will hardly believe, Monsieur l'Eveque, that your saying grace to your meat appeared to him an action so ridiculous that, as he knew it would be ill manners to laugh, he was forced to leave the room till he could suppress the emotion."

"What a type of republican! what a guest for my table!" exclaimed the appalled prelate. "And yourself, Colonel—surely you are not infected with this dread disease?"

"Happily, no, monsieur. A Catholic father and Protestant mother left me to select a religion for myself, but the bustle of war has left me no time for the exploration of volumes of theology."

"Then you, also, are devoid of religion?"

"Technically, yes," replied the *chef* with his usual shrug, "seeing that I have not yet found one, nor even, I am sorry to say, commenced the critical search. In the meantime, I believe in a Supreme Being, am inclined to think there must be a future state, and am quite sure it is my duty while I live in this world to do all the good I can to my fellow creatures."

Ponson re entered and took his seat. He was quite flushed from his recent strange cachinnations, and said, as if to divert possible comment as to the cause of his sudden exit:

"Those poor Protestants!—they are trembling in terror of being torn to pieces by the Catholics. Parbleu! how inconvenient it is to have a religion."

"You do not suffer from that inconvenience, Capt. Ponson," remarked Dr. Stock with some asperity."

"Nor shall anybody suffer if I can prevent it," emphatically observed Charost "I am much impressed, monsieur, with the alarm of your local loyalists. Rather than see them plundered or hurt ——"

"Plundered or hurt! what a wily and groundless canard!" exclaimed Ferdinand O'Donnell.

"Rather than see them plundered or hurt," continued the Colonel, "I am determined to put arms in their hands for the protection of their lives, and, therefore, I have made proclamation inviting all the inhabitants, without distinction of religion or party, to attend here at the castle this evening to receive arms and ammunition for their own defense, on condition of returning the same whenever they may be called for."

O'Donnell and Barrett exchanged looks of blank amazement.

"Arm the Orangemen from the French supplies!" whispered the latter excitedly, "convert the place into two hostile camps! establish an armed enemy in our midst! Pat, my boy, this precious commandant is either a fool or a traitor, and we must see to this matter at the proper time."

Charost's strange proclamation produced at first general surprise, then the inevitable storm. The bishop's dinner party had broken up, and the autumn evening was well advanced, when in the neighborhood of the Protestant church, O'Donnell was exchanging farewell words with his sister and Patrick Barrett, who were about to set out on their return journey to Ballina. Suddenly a loud clamor of voices broke out upon the air, men's voices raised high in angry contention. The noise proceeded from the courtyard of the castle.

"Ha! I thought so," exclaimed O'Donnell; "the colonel's idiotic proclamation has raised a whirlwind which he shall find it hard to subdue. Barrett, we had better go there at once. Maeve, my dear, we must trouble you to wait a little. You may remain here or go into the castle. There is not the least danger."

"Yes—Maeve had better come into the castle," said Barrett with a sudden sharp presentiment of danger, which did not fly even at the laughing and reassured glance of his betrothed.

"Thanks, but I feel quite safe here and am not a bit afraid," she said; "only please make haste."

The courtyard presented an exciting scene. The loyalists of the town had flocked in in response to Charost's proclamation to receive the promised arms and ammunition, but their right to receive these was now fiercely disputed by the insurgents, who indignantly scoffed at the explanations and persuasions of both the commandant and the bishop, sternly refusing to see the justice or safety of entrusting arms to loyalists, many of whom were known or reputed Orangemen, and therefore the determined enemies of all who had joined the Irish cause.

Darkness was increasing every moment, and with it increased the clamor and contention. The accents of three languages were distinguishable above the babel.

"Diaoul gun nor gun! Ta tu ceart go leor, Mulherin!"

"But, my friends, these arms will be only for their own protection; they will not be used against you."

"Ma's vous n'avez pas droit ——"

"Be dhe hush anish! If the general himself was here 'twould be long afore he'd give guns to bloody Orangemen to shoot us down as soon as the redcoats attack us."

"Both our lives and our houses are in danger, my lord bishop, and we want this protection."

"You seem certainly entitled to it."

"Oui, veraiment, et je vous donnerai ces armes."

"Boo! Alabanch braddhagh! Orange bodoghs! divil a gun they's get, nor a grain of powdher aither!"

A fine stalwart fellow named Mulherin, a native of the neighboring village of Cooneal, was foremost in voicing the vehement protest of the insurgents. He had been arraying one of the detachments whose duty it was to patrol nightly within a distance of three miles of Killala with the view of preventing outrages of any description when he learned the purport of Charost's proclamation. He at once pushed his way to the front of the group of protesting insurgents.

"What does this mean?" he demanded, confronting Charost, whose mien now showed much hesitation; "are republican arms to be placed in the hands of our enemies—of men who will use them against both French and Irish as soon as an English army comes in sight?"

"Take mine then"—and Mulherin dashed his musket with a crash on the ground—"and from this forth let Orangemen act as your guards and patrols."

Charost showed signs of yielding. Eventually, after an hour's contention, the displeasure of the insurgents having reached a dangerous pitch, several of the loyalists delivered back the arms they had received, saying they would trust themselves to the protection of the patrol, which arrangement was received with general satisfaction.

Having successfully exerted themselves to restore tranquillity, Barrett and his friend hurried back to where they had left Maeve.

"Hang that commandant!" exclaimed O'Donnell testily; "his stupidity will cost you a late ride, but not a perilous one, thanks to the patrols. However, the sooner you start the better."

GAELIC POETRY.

An Failte.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Fonn: An Buachaillin Buidhe.

Tar ansa maidion, no tar an thráith-neóna,
Tar 'n-uair bheidh súil leat no tar ganaon fh ógradh,
Fogadh 'gus fáilte do bheith an so rómhat-sa,
'S da mhinicidhe thicfair 'seadh is mó a dádharo'd thu.
Is eadtrom mo chroidhe 'stig ó rinneadh do luadh liom,
Munab tounan 'sa n' oirigh tá luisne am gruagh 'nois;
Na crainn bhi glas roimhe seo, nios glaise 'nois sflid,
'S táid na h-éuíne ag coutain, "a fir-shearealgh ná sgailidh."

Baile óchad biátha mfise, má 's áil leath comeád iad,
No tar éis tu dha b-pógadh, air mo bhrollach-sa fág iad,
Soláthard'o ó'n sliabh chughat, cluin-ghaoth a neartochadh thu;
Agus ceapfad le'm intinn dhuit, sgeul ná tuirs óchadh tú.
Tá do cheiscéim mar fh-earthain a d-triomacht a t-samhradh,
No mar arm do láoch lom, a g-comhrac ré námhaid ghlic;
Go n'éirghe óaid na réalta, can fad duitse binn-dí ánta,
'S ag gluaiseacht a g-cúineas iarfad ort-sa me ghrádhúgh.

Tríd a g-coill suas ar ailtaibh an fh-iolair glúneo 'muid,
Ar chasán an t-sleagh-sighe, cois an leasa suibhaléo'mid,
Le realt-sholuis éistfeam an gaise bhughlórach,
Go bh-fiofróir ea tabharthas do bhroonfair dot'stórach.
Do chúin-ghuith a dearfadh-sí, gradh mar na réaltan,
Chomh bith-bhuan chómh lónnrach is muinghin gan tréigion,
O's ár g-cionn chum go lasaid na fiathais a soilise,
'S beid ár n'anama an soineacht ar sruith na siorúgheachta.

Leis sin, tar anss maidin, no tár um thráthneóna,
Tar 'n uair bheidh súil leat, no tar gan aon fhogradh,
Fógadh 'gus fáilte do bheidh anso romhat-sa,
'S dá mhinicídhe thicfair, 'seadh is mó dhadharó'd thú.
Is éadtrom mo chroidhe 'stig ó rinneadh do lúadh liom,
Munab tounann 'sa n'oirigh tá luisne am ghruagh 'nois,
Na crainn bhi glas roimhe seo nios glaise 'nois sflid,
'S táid na héinicí ag cantain, "a fhir-shearealg ná sgaoilidh

But an unexpected shock awaited them—a shock of amazement and dread.

Maeve was not found where they had left her waiting, near the church. Neither was she in the castle, nor, so far as inquiry could ascertain, in any of the houses in town. Close and protracted search was made for her, but in vain. She seemed to have utterly and unaccountably disappeared.

"It looks as if she had sunk into the very ground," said Ferdinand O'Donnell, whose face with sorrow and anxiety was a study, for he loved his sister dearly.

The good people of the town could afford no information with regard to the whereabouts of the missing girl. She had been seen standing near the church—that was all. The church was searched, but found in staring emptiness.

Barrett was almost frantic. His heart, throbbing with wild unrest, was full of remorse at his having for one crucial moment lost sight of her he held dearest on earth; at having, as he now considered, basely deserted a precious charge in the midst of a most troublous time.

Whither had she gone? What had be come of her?

With these thoughts racking his brain he hurried for even a third time in active exploration through the apartments of the Castle of Killala. The members of the bishop's family, as he visited the portion of the building reserved to them, stared in polite astonishment at his inquiries. He peeped into the recess where old Bishop Kirwan had been found hiding in the days of Cromwell, and forget not the sombre room where the Irish outlaw's blood had flowed on the hearthstone by order of Bishop Otway.

His thoughts ran on secret chambers, souterrains, oubliettes. He thought with a shudder on the hapless Venetian beauty, Ginevra, who, mirthfully hiding from her lover on the day of her bridal, had accidentally shut herself in a strong oak chest, in after years her skeleton was discovered, still ghastily adorned with her wedding jewels; and he wondered was such a fate, or one more hideous and terrible, even now threatening poor Maeve.

Approaching the kitchen of the castle—for even this humble institution was not beneath his ken in this important instance—he heard the sound of boisterous mirth, followed by a hoarse, strong voice lustily trolling forth a song of the period, a furiously radical and revolutionary ditty.

To his surprise he saw that the vocalist was Billy Moran. The late ultra loyal sergeant of yeomanry, he who had thrown the noose over the head of the poor croppy who was hanged at Ballina only a week before, sat in front of the fire, a large bumper of whisky in his hand, and a number of fellow revellers around him, quaffing similar bumpers at rapid intervals and vociferously applauding his song and the rather stringent methods it advocated:

These nicknames—marquis, lord, and earl,
That set the crowd a-gazing,
We pride as hogs esteem a pearl,
Their patents set a-blazing.
No more they'll vote away our wealth
To please a king or queen, sirs,
But gladly pack away by stealth,
Or taste the guillotine, sirs.

Our commons, too, who say, forsooth,
They represent the nation;
Shall scamper East, West, North, and South,
Or feel our indignation.
The speaker's mace to current coin
We presently will alter;
For ribbons, lately thought so fine,
We'll fit each with a halter.

His attention drawn by the footstep at the door, Billy ceased his song and turned his head just in time to see disappearing the pale, perturbed face of Barrett, who hastily withdrew, assured of the vainness of his search at all events in that quarter. At the sight a cunning leer came upon his truculent features.

"Never mind, boys," he chuckled, "sure 'tis only Col. Barrett lookin' for his sweet heart: his heart is breaking since he lost her. No joke to lose a sweetheart, boys, particularly a rale purty one like that. An' what's become of her nobody knows, unless she took wings and flew away into the sky, for a sweet angel like that couldn't go in t'other direction at all, at all!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

A Money Maker.

It is so hard to get employment now and so hard to make money, that I know others would like to know how they can make a little money, as I have done. Tell your subscribers they can get all the jewelry, table-ware, knives, forks and spoons they can plate, and make $25 a week. The plating outfit costs $5. I bought mine from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. It plates gold, silver and nickel. I did $4 70 worth of plating the first day. The work is done so nicely that everybody seeing it wants work done. This machine is the greatest money maker I ever saw. Why should any one be out of employment or out of money, when they can, by using my experience, always have money in the house and have a little to spend too? Any one can get circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. K. JARRETT.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

GUERRINI—Sept. 10, at No. 136 Lower Gloucester street, Vincent Guerrini, C. E., late of Engineers' Department, G. S. & W. Railway.

MCEVOY—Sept. 9, at Smithstown, Hayes, Navan, Anne, wife of William McEvoy, of No. 24 Drury street, Dublin.

MCGAILY—Sept. 10, at No. 30 East Arran street, Dublin, Joseph McGaily, aged 59 years.

MURPHY—Sept. 3, at Crosshaven, county Cork, Alderman Michael Murphy.

AYLMER—At No. 4 Eccles street, Dublin, Frances, third daughter of the late Gerald Aylmer, formerly of Lyons, county Kildare.

MURPHY—At Fair steet, Drogheda, John Murphy, merchant.

RUSHE—Sept. 11, at Lisbride, Roscommon, Mathew J. Rushe, aged 48 years.

WHITFORD—Sept. 10, at Penzance, John P. Whitford, late surveyor of Income Tax, Ireland, aged 68 years.

CLAYTON—Sept. 19, at Millbrook House, Navan, John Clayton, agen 47 years.

CONLON—Sept. 20, at Jervis street hospital, Dublin, Patrick Conlon.

HACKETT—Sept 21, at Mater Misericordiæ hospital, Dublin, Rev. John Hackett, late of Claremount, Iowa, son of the late James Hackett, Mountmellary, Cappoquin aged 35 years.

KNOX—Sept. 20, at Brownstown House, Curragh, George Knox, aged 58 years.

LYNCH—Sept. 21, at Bookville, Leeson Park, James Lynch, aged 76 years.

MACDONNELL—Sept. 19, Robert Wogan MacDonnell, eldest son of the late John MacDonell, Athlone, aged 45 years.

MAHER—Sept. 20, at No. 58 Tullow street, Carlow, Mrs. Anne Maher.

O'BRIEN—Sept. 18, at Carnagh, county Limerick, Daniel O'Brien, aged 80 years.

Vapor Poison and Its Antidote.

The morning and evening mists that pervade the atmosphere of malarious localities cannot be breathed with impunity. A safeguard is needed to render harmless the dangerous miasmata with which they are impregnated. The surest safest, defense is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is an antidote to the poison which has already been inhaled and borne fruit, an adequate preventive of its harmful effects. No preparative for breathers of miasma tainted air or drinkers of malaria poisoned water like the Bitters. It completely neutralizes the otherwise irresistible onset of the aerial foe. Settlers on newly cleared land, excavators of canal routes (notably that on the Isthmus of Panama), western pioneers and emigrants—in short, all subjected to malarial influences in air or water find in it a benign remedy, an effectual safeguard. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, "la grippe," rheumatism and kidney complaints are remedied by the Bitters.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

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Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapscious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

The Umbria's Experience During Her Last Trip.

VERY SEVERE WEATHER AT SEA.

An Accident Leaves the Huge Steamer at the Mercy of the Waves for Four Hours—Two Persons Injured and One Death Aboard During the Voyage—The Grim Resources of the Atlantic Strikingly Illustrated.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The special correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, Mr. Alfred Kinnear, gives the following account of the extraordinary experiences of the Umbria upon her last voyage. Five hours after passing Fastnet light we struck a first class gale which, by noon on Monday, had attained hurricane force; the wind velocity being from forty-five to fifty miles. On Tuesday the gale having veered to northwest, blew with greater vehemence, and during the night the ship rolled heavily in the terrific sea, but about 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning we steamed into fine weather, and passengers were able to go on deck for the first time since Sunday. The glass, however, fell all that day and about 6 o'clock we entered another storm center through a ridge of hurricane squalls and were speedily in the thick of it all again.

"A Bug in the Snifter."

At 10 o'clock, wind and sea thundering upon the ship, a "pin" in the engine room was discovered to be loose, and the machinery was stopped. This incident being vaguely described by the engineer in reply to an anxious passenger as "only a bug in the snifter" The storm increased, the Umbria lying at the mery of the waves and rolling with a dull headaching stolidity; but in four hours we were heartily glad to be able to resume our dramaticaliy chequered voyage. During the whole of Thursday it continued to blow with severity from the northwest, the ocean resembling so much mountain scenery of rolling hills, precipitous crags and yawning chasms crested with snow and described by one passenger as "a finer sight than Niagara."

A Smart Sou'wester.

In the afternoon we passed a schooner laboring under storm canvas and apparently waiting for each moment to be have last. But she seemed snug and to be skilfully handled albeit she made no signal to us whatever. A respite in the night was followed in the morning, it being now Friday, by a smart sou'wester accompanied by rain. Throughout we shipped immense quantities of water but beyond a port in the saloon being stove in and one of the davits sprung the casualities have been almost paradoxically few in number, the ship behaving admirably in the most trying circumstances. Unfortunately the passengers suffered acutely, notwithstanding the unremitting efforts made for their comfort by the pursur and the steward, and by those acting under the direction of those gentlemen.

Death on Board.

Two saloon passengers—one Mr. Harrison of Sheffield, were somewhat seriously injured by falling, their injuries necessitating surgical attention. A lady, Mrs. Moorman, on her way home to Louisville, accompanied by her son, died on Wednesday from apoplexy, following sea sickness, and the excitement was inseparable from the storm of the previous two days. The unfortunate lady received every attention from the ship's surgeon, who exhausted his skill in her behalf. The body was embalmed and housed during the remainder of the passage in one of the life boats The voyage has proven the worst experienced by the Umbria for many months, and has strikingly illustrated the grim resources of the Atlantic.

SEVERAL PASSENGERS INJURED.

Terrible Storms Encountered by the Steamship Augusta-Victoria.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Four of the passengers of the steamship Augusta-Victoria which has arrived from Hamburg have broken limbs to exhibit as a record of the severity of the voyage. Eight others were more or less injured on the vessel. The Augusta-Victoria had a similar experience to that of the Umbria The vessel ran into the gale on the 4th and could not shake it off until the 9th. The seas ran mountains high and frequently broke over the bows of the steamer, washing everything movable from the decks.

Fishing Vessel Capsized.

A sudden roll of the vessel on the wildest day of the storm threw over many of the passengers and when picked up four were found to have broken arms and legs while eight others were severly bruised. The French steamship La Bretagne also met the gale on the 4th. Throughout the time which lasted until the 8th the sea was very rough and though the steamer labored very heavily comparatively few seas washed aboard. Captain Collier of the Bretagne reports that some fishing vessel capsized in the storm and that her crew took to the boats and perished.

Shipwrecked Crew Rescued.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The British steamer Phineas, Captain Gowan, which arrived at Liverpool Monday from New York had on board the crew of the Dutch bark Nicolette, Captain Jorgeusen, from Quebec Sept. 21 from Greenock, which was abandoned on Oct. 8 in latitude 47 north, longitude 35 west in a sinking condition. When the crew left the Dutch bark her sails were set and she was heading northward. A tremendous sea was running at the time.

Vessel Burned at Sea.

MONTREAL, Oct. 12.—A dispatch from Cape Ray, Anticosti, says that a large fire was seen at sea Saturday night between 9 and 10 o'clock. It appeared to be a vessel burning, and as several steamers bound for Montreal are now in the Gulf of St. Lawrence considerable anxiety is felt. No further particulars have been received here.

Plunged Into the Sea.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—The British steamer Fellacio, which arrived Sunday from Pascrocan, reports that on June 29 a fireman named James Morgan, aged about 30 years, of England, deliberately plunged into the sea and was drowned. Every effort was made to save him but without avail.

Earthquake in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—A severe earthquake shock occurred here at 10:27 Sunday. It lasted fully half a minute, and was the most severe experienced in this city for a long time. So far as known no serious damage was done.

WILL MARRY HIS WIFE'S SISTER.

An English M. P. Comes Over Here to Dodge British Law.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—Among the travelers who arrived in Minneapolis Saturday morning on the "Soo" train was Dr. David Lloyd Jones, one of the most eminent clergymen of Wales. He was accompanied by Edward Davis, member of parliament from Montgomeryshire. According to reports there is an element of romance connected with their present visit to the United States. Mr. Davis, who is a widower, desired to marry his sister-in-law. This sort of thing is not permitted by the English statutes relating to that interesting subject, so the member of parliament was forced to adopt unusual measures in order to surmount the difficulty.

Where's That Alien Labor Law.

And that's what he is here for. He is said to be the wealthiest man in North Wales, and hence is amply able to provide the financial sinews for any programme he may adopt. He invited his pastor and fiance to accompany him to the United States, where the laws relating to matrimony are less stringent than in her majesty's dominion. Before their return the knot will be tied by the pastor imported for that purpose, and the couple will go back to their native land to live as man and wife in defiance of the law of the realm.

Ravages of Diphtheria.

LAUREL, Del., Oct. 12.—Statonsville, a small village in the southern part of Kent county, is having an epidemic of diphtheria in a maliguant form. William Hammond, a hard working farmer, has buried his entire family of five children within a week past. The faithful mother sat by and nursed them until the breath left the last one, when she took to her bed with the dreaded disease and htr death is hourly expected. The husband is prostrated with grief. What adds more to his misery is that he is compelled to bury the dead and care for the wife, it being almost impossible to secure help. The disease is in such a malignant form that the house is virtually quarantined.

Pan-Republican Congress.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.—The meeting of delegates for the organization of the Pan-Republic congress and Human Freedom league was called to order at the State house by Persifer Frazer, chairman of the local committee, at 10 o'clock Monday morning. Rev. W. C. Roberts offered a prayer after which Governor Pattison delivered an address of welcome to the state of Pennsylvania. In the evening another meeting was held at the Academy of Music, prayer was offered by the Rev. W. N McVicker, D.D., and addresses were made by the Rev. Bishop John J. Keane, D.D., rector of the Catholic university, Washington; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and A. K. McClure.

A Deal of the Coal "Barons"

SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 12.—R. C. Kerlins, of St. Louis; S. B. Elkins, of West Virginia, and several millionaire coal barons who control the coal properties of Missouri, Kansas and Texas, have secured control of the Cerrillos Coal and Iron company. F. W. Risque, of St. Louis, has been appointed superintendent of the property by them. The property of the company consists of 20,000 acres of land twenty miles south of here. The deal is expected to have a direct bearing on the extension of the Denver and Rio Grande road through Santa Fe to Cerrillos and on to Albuquerque and El Paso.

Fatally Shot His Sister.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 12.—Elizabeth Lace, 18 years old, was accidently shot Sunday by her brother Robert. She will die. Lace had had a row with two roughs in front of his home and his sister had been attracted to the scene by the noise of the brawlers. Lace had a pistol in his hand which exploded just as the girl appeared. The bullet struck her below the heart and inflicted a fatal wound Lace, who was locked up, has become insane and constantly raves about his injured sister. He has also attempted suicide and is being closely watched.

Monument for the Elks.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 12.—The beautiful monument presented to the St. Louis lodge of Elks was unveiled and dedicated Sunday in Bellefountain cemetery with appropriate ceremony. Besides the local Elks there were delegations from Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, Sedalia, Hannibal, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New Orleans, Ho Springs; Springfield Ohio, Dallas, Tex.; Reading, Pa.; Birmingham, Ala.; Indianapolis, Evansville, Ind.; Rockford, Ills, and other places. Colonel John A. Cockerill delivered the presentation speech.

Collision in Minnesota.

SHAKOPEE, Minn., Oct. 12.—A head-end collision occurred Sunday morning at 4 o'clock on the Minneapolis and St. Louis road, north of this city, between an Omaha and a Minneapolis and St. Louis freight train. Fireman Thomas Rogers of Albert Lea was killed, being wedged between the cab and tender. The engineers and the other fireman saved their lives by jumping. Both engines were badly broken up and the tenders of the engines crushed through the first freight cars, causing a blockade of several hours.

Foreign Appeals of No Avail.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—A St. Petersburg dispatch says that several Jewish artisans who were found to have returned to Moscow after having been transported from that city to the pale of Jewish settlement, were arrested and flogged with great severity and sent to Siberia to work on the railroad now being constructed. There is no relaxation anywhere, and especially in Moscow, in the treatment of the Jewish population, and to foreign appeals in their behalf not the slightest attention is given by the authorities.

Oil Cloth Factory Burned.

WINTHROP, Me., Oct. 12.—Bailey's Sons & Co.'s great oil cloth factory at Baileyville, was burned Sunday morning. The flames communicated to several residences close by and these were also destroyed. The loss will probably reach $100,000; insurance partial. The mill buildings covered the larger part of three acres of ground. The mill will be re built at once.

Weeks Is a Man of Great "Gall."

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—Theodore C. Weeks a broker and speculator of Stoneham, has gone into insolvency. His liabilities are about $200,000. He has no assets Mr. Weeks offers his creditors a mill on the dollar. It is thought that this small offer has seldom, if ever, been equaled, but the proposition, being better than the stated assets warrant, will probably be investigated.

FIGHT WITH A BURGLAR

The Palatial Residence of Mortimer Tilden Entered.

THE OWNER'S PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

Knocked Down by the Thief and Rendered Unconscious—Sensational Cowhiding Affair—A Missouri Maiden in Search of Notoriety—Attempted Suicide in a Courtroom—A Penitent Thief Gives Up a Stolen Ring to a Priest.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Mortimer Tilden, a cousin of the late Samuel J. Tilden, has a palatial residence in aristocratic Upper Montclair, N. J. During the summer it has been in charge of a servant while Mr. Tilden took a trip through the west and the family was at Narragansett. Mr. Tilden returned home Monday, and in opening the front door found the hall in disorder. On the second floor he was confronted by a burglar. The men fought around the hallway and finally rolled down stairs. Mr. Tilden was rendered unconscious by the fall, and the burglar took advantage of this fact to escape.

Dropped Most of the "Swag."

Mr. Tilden recovered shortly and summoned help. It was found that the thief had ransacked the house thoroughly. In a sachel which the thief had dropped in the conflict were found a diamond necklace, a brooch set with diamonds and pearls, two gold watches, silverware and other articles valued at $5,000. A valuable necklace, which had been the family heirloom, was found in the hallway broken, while in the bedroom adjoining the one where the burglar was discovered, a number of valuables were packed up ready for removal. Mr. Tilden and the lodgekeeper, who had been called, went through the house and, after a thorough investigation, found that the thief had taken $500 worth of jewelry.

USED A HORSEWHIP.

A Sensational Affair on the Streets of Zanesville, O.

ZANESVILLE, Oct. 13.—A sensation was caused here Monday by a horsewhipping affair on one of the principal streets. William Owings, a well known man about town, was the victim, while Mrs. Charles Harris, a highly respectable young woman, inflicted the chastisement. The affair grew out of the alleged leading astray of Mrs. Harris' husband by Mr. Owings. According to Mrs. Harris' story her husband went away Saturday night with Owings and she had not seen him since. She met Owings on the street Monday night and inquired of him if he knew where Harris was.

Purchased a Heavy Whip.

Instead of answering her Owings is said to have applied an insulting epithet to her. She repaired to a hardware store and purchasing a heavy horsewhip started in pursuit of Owings, whom she overtook on Eight street in company with her husband. Advancing upon the pair she slashed Owings over the head and body with the whip, lacerating him considerably. She followed him to the middle of the street, applying the whip at every step. The husband did not interfere, but calmly watched the scene from the sidewalk. Mrs. Harris will have a hearing before the mayor on a charge of assault and battery.

DID THE JOB HERSELF.

Laura Langen Was Not Bound by Burglars as Reported.

MARSHALL, Mo., Oct. 13.—The robbery at the house of Thomas Langen and brutal treatment of his daughter Laura by burglars, turns out to be a scheme planned and carried out by the girl herself. Close inspection reveals the fact that the breaking of the windows, the general tearing up of the house, that the girl tied herself and even that the bruises on her were all her own work.

Not Her First Trick.

The "bruises" were simply the effects of some dye, which left the discoloration, but no scratches or inflammation. The frenzied crowd which left here to wreck summary vengeance returned much wiser and thoroughly disgusted. On a former occasion the girl pretended that during the absence of the family she had been struck by a tramp and her skull fractured. A slight bruise was found on her head and partly crushed chicken bones imbedded in her hair at that place.

Caused the Judge to Faint.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 13.—Hardly had the foreman of the jury in the criminal court here pronounced the words "Ten years in the penitentiary," as the punishment assessed against Frank Rowland, a wayward young man of good parentage, convicted of forgery, when the defendant sprang to his feet in front of the judge, drew a pistol, put it to his left side and fired. A scene of wild confusion followed, during which Judge White fainted. The bullet did not strike the heart, but passed through the body immediately above that organ. There is but a slight chance, however, for his recovery.

Captured the Burglar.

BONAPARTE, Ia., Oct. 13.—Mrs. Emma Stutsman lives alone in her home in this city. She has had considerable money in the house. She engaged a mechanic of this city named Corwan to put some bolts and locks on the doors as an extra precaution A night or so afterward she was awakened by a noise. Peering out of the window she saw a man working at the fastenings. Slipping out the back way she aroused the neighbors, who surrounded the house and captured the burglar, who proved to be the mechanic who put the locks on the door. He is now awaiting trial.

Gave Up a Stolen Ring.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Miss Madge Pratthett of West Forty-fifth street was robbed of a valuable solitaire diamond ring a few days ago and suspected a bag gageman who had handled some of her luggage. Miss Prachett received a letter from a priest attached to an east side church. The writer stated that a "certain person" had come to him for confession the day before, and that among other things had confessed to the theft of the ring, and desired the priest to return it to its owner. Miss Prachett and her mother called on the priest and got the ring.

Tackled the Wrong Man.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 13.—Dr. J. F. Craig, while returning from visiting a patient in the southern part of the city at 12 o'clock at night, was stopped by a highwayman, who grasped the horse's head, at the same time leveling a revolver at the doctor. The doctor had a loaded riding whip, and struck the man's arm a powerful blow, probably breaking it. The pistol fell from the man's hand, and he ran away crying with pain. The doctor got the pistol, but the robber escaped.

Sporting Man Ends His Life.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 13.—John Duffy, a sporting man of recognized standing throughout the country, committed suicide. He sought the rooms of Charles Bush, and in the presence of a number of his friends place the muzzle of a revolver in his mouth and blew out his brains.

Attempted Suicide of a Bride.

FORT ATKINSON, Wis., Oct. 13.—Mrs. O. A. Albertson shot herself with a 22-caliber revolver with suicidal intent. She is 18 years of age and has been married only a few months. She was despondent at being separated from her mother.

Been Drunk for Five Months.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Oct. 13.—Martin Peterson, aged 56 years, committed suicide by cutting his throat He was a victim of intemperance and is said to have been drunk for the last five months.

SIMPSON AT A WINE SUPPER.

The Sockless Statesman Raises a Rumpus at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 13.—Congressman Jerry Simpson came here last Saturday and talked to about three hundred people on the public square. He scored the millionaires and monopolists unmercifully and said ugly things about everybody who had accumulated money. When he had concluded his speech Congressman Tom Johnson, a rich Democrat, carried Simpson off arm in arm to the Hollender cafe, where they sat down with L. A. Russell and S. D. Dodge, both Democratic lawyers and wealthy men, to a champaign supper.

Simpson Denounced.

When the People's party committee heard of the wine supper they were angry. They went to the Hollender and upbraided Simpson then and there for his conduct. One of the committeemen told him that if he had no respect for himself, he ought, at least, have respected his party. They refused to pay him for his speech or pay his expenses. Simpson got mad, said he did not want their money and would do the same thing again if he took a notion to it. Monday all the People's party workers were denounced Simpson in unmeasured terms.

LOST HIS POSITION.

President John Hoey Charged with Malfeasance in Office.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—John Hoey, president of the Adams Express company, has been deprived of his position as president and trustee by the unanimous vote of the full board of managers. Mr. Hoey was charged with malfeasance in office. Clapp Spooner, the vice president of the company, tendered his resignation immediately after the board voted for the expulsion of the president, and the resignation was accepted. The salary was $30,000 per annum. Mr. Hoey was interested in a little deal some time ago by which property purchased for $130,000 was sold to the Adams Express company for $850,000, and his share of the spoil is said to have been $180,000, for which he did not pay a cent.

Two Notable Boston Weddings.

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—Among the wedding announcements for the approaching season are two which excite peculiar interest in the Boston social world. The bride upon one of these occasions will be Miss Constance, the only daughter of Henry Cabot Lodge, and the bridegroom Mr. Augustus Peabody Gardner—"Gus" Gardner, as he is universally called in "sweltown." Mr. Gardner is an athlete and a Harvard man. His fiance is a tall, well-formed, attractive blonde. "Bert" Hale, the son of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, is to marry Miss Margaret Marquand, a daughter of the prominent New York broker. He is, like Mr. Gardner, a Harvard man and an athlete.

Breech Pin in His Skull.

CARO, Mich., Oct. 13.—While Edward Reynolds, a farmer's son, aged 12, was out hunting, the breech pin of his gun broke, flew back, and penetrated his skull. The boy walked home, and though in a horrible condition clearly related the details of the accident He was brought to Caro and given surgical assistance. The doctor removed the pin with the forceps. There was a groove in the side of the skull from which oozed the brains. The boy cannot live.

Robbed at His Child's Grave.

BROCKTON, Mass., Oct. 13.—Edmund D Landers, an aged, wealthy and retired merchant, was found in a senseless condition on the grave of his only child, a daughter who died 40 years ago. He will probably die. He rallied sufficient to state that while he was visiting the grave Sunday afternoon he was strangled by a highwayman and relieved of his money and valuables. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the deed.

The Crew of a Steamship Missing.

NEW YORK, Oct 14.—A dispatch from London received at the Maritime exchange states that the steamship Devonshire, from Barrow to New York, has been passed at sea abandoned, and that nothing has been heard of her captain and crew. The Devonshire was a British steamship of over 2,000 tons. She carried a crew of thirty seven men including her captain and officers.

Railway Superintendents in Session.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The annual meeting of the American Society of Railway Superintendents opened at the Hotel Brunswick Monday morning. Amendments to the constitution introduced at the last session were adopted. Willard A. Smith read a paper on "Railroad History and Plans for Representing Transportation Interests at the World's Fair"

The Fool and His Revolver Again.

READING, Pa., Oct. 13.—Alvin Betz, 6 years old, was accidentally shot and instantly killed Monday by his brother Charles, aged 18. Charles was cleaning a revolver and attempted to frighten his little brother by pointing it at him. when it exploded with the above result. Charles gives the usual plea—did not know it was loaded.

A Murdered Child's Body Found.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The dead body of a pretty young girl about 10 years old was washed up on the beach at Bedloe's island Monday morning. The throat was cut nearly from ear to ear. The child was dressed in a kilt dress with a white waist, black stockings, and black shoes.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Happenings of a Week Given in Condensed Form.

It is said that the Palo Alto university, established by Leland Stanford, has 1,000 more applicants for admission this year than there are accommodations for.

And now cottonwood comes to the front as a sugar factor. A southern grower says its saccharine qualities are fifteen times greater than sugar cane and twenty times stronger than beets.

The chief caterer of fashionable society in Washington is a woman, who occupies a most unpretentious little shop. She has served every president since the days of Harrison's grandfather.

A resident of Antelope Valley, Neb., tells the Reno Gazette that the valley is full of grasshoppers depositing their eggs, and suggests that unless the ground is burned over there will be trouble ahead in a year or two from these pests.

The season at Saratoga just ending has been the most successful since the memorable summer of 1888. For some time during August the proprietors of many of the hotels gave up sending omnibuses to the depot because of their inability to house more guests.

Snow fell steadily Saturday night at Deadwood, S. D. Heavy rain fell at Atchison, Kas.; Oshkosh, Wis., and Beatrice, Neb.

David Grant, a boss in the Gem mines at Wallace, Ida., was stabbed to death by Charles H. Stowe, a miner.

A few years since Jericho was one of the most prosperous villages in Van Buren county, Mich. The last building was wiped out by fire.

The first blighting frost of the season visited Fort Dodge, Ia. Corn is safe except patches on low ground; late vegetables were damaged.

John Hartman drove over the edge of an almost perpendicular bluff 100 feet high at Warsaw, Ills., and escaped unhurt.

* * *

Terrance Campbell, who has been on trial at Neosho, Mo., on the charge of murdering his 13-year-old daughter, was acquitted.

W. J. Turner, a plumber, fell from a window of the Academy of Music building at Valparaiso, Ind., and was killed.

The Horn Silver mine at 'Frisco, U. T., has closed down because the Union Pacific railroad raised ore rates $2 per ton.

William Patterson, in the state prison at Columbus, O., for attempted murder, has escaped. He was employed in the gas house and climbed over the outer wall.

Three grave robbers at Shanshing, China, were stoned to death by the people.

William Logan, a Taylorville, Ills., blacksmith, shot William Day, one of his employes, in the right wrist. The ball was aimed at Day's head, but he threw up his hand to ward it off. Day is in jail.

An Oshkosh, Wis., girl, the daughter of a rich and prominent citizen, donned male attire and set out to make her own way in the world. She had not gone a block from her home before she ran across a policeman and was arrested.

The smoke of the forest fires in the vicinity of Appleton, Wis., is affecting milk, cheese and butter.

The water in the Madison lakes, Wis., is unusually low. The past summer the swamp and overflowed lands about the lakes have dried considerably.

A prisoner named Arlington, held in the Cresco, Ia., jail for swindling by collecting money for enlarging pictures escaped by sawing out two steel bars from the window. He was wanted in several other places.

Ole F. Bergen, living near Ridgeway, Ia., lost by fire his entire crop of grain and hay; also two stables and a new granary just completed the previous day. Cause unknown.

There is talk in Des Moines, Ia., of passing an ordinance requiring the tires of all heavy wagons to be three inches wide. The narrow tires cut even the brick pavements.

* * *

A saloon ran in full blast in a graveyard at Carroll, Ia., during the fair.

A stock company has been formed at Lettaville, Ia., to bore for gas.

May White, the sleeping girl of Munith, Jackson county, Mich., has fallen away from 140 to ninety pounds during her almost continuous ninety days' nap. The doctor attending her still believes he can effect a cure.

Alexander Coffee, a wealthy colored man of Wichita, Kan., committed suicide because a church organization refused to pay money he had loaned it.

The Queen of Hawaii's physician says that she is afflicted with an organic disease that will soon cause her death. Important political changes are likely to follow her demise.

In a calf-killing contest at Pittsburg, Herman Dornberger killed, dressed and hung up two calves in 6m and 25s.

Samuel Chick, who was found dead in a stream near Danvers, Mass., is believed to have been murdered.

Costa Rica will expend $100,000 on an exhibit at the World's fair instead of $50,000 as originally intended.

The revenue collections in the Peoria district for the month of September were $1,828,077 68; 2,013,311 tax-paid gallons, and a total of 565 packages were taken out of bond for export.

Fire destroyed the Greenwood 120 stamp quartz mill, near Deadwood, S. D. The loss was $150,000 and the insurance but $10,000.

A committee has been formed in Dublin to raise a fund which will be devoted to purchasing a home in Ireland for James Stephens, the ex-Fenian leader, who was recently authorized to return to Ireland.

Fire gutted a four-story warehouse on Tooley street, London. The glare of the flames illuminated half of London.

The wheat in sight in the northwest aggregates 8,120,745 bushels, an increase of 814,453 bushels since last report.

Frost has destroyed late corn and vegetables in Illinois and Iowa.

Edwin Drestell of Altoona, Ia., was killed while riding in a funeral procession by a team running away and overturning his carriage together with several others. Four other persons were fatally injured, and many were more or less hurt.

John Guipe, a merchant of Elkhart, Ind., has been sued for a $1,200 subscription to a new Methodist church in that place.

* * *

No Russian court bail will be given this season. The money which would have been spent thus will be used to alleviate the misery of the famine sufferers.

Anson and his colts lost the game at Sioux City, Ia., by a score of 8 to 1. They were escorted to the grounds by two brass bands.

The British museum is gathering a stupendous collection of newspapers. Additions for one single year comprise 170,838 numbers.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wellman of Champaign, Ills., drank part of a bottle of medicine that her mother had been using, and died a few hours later.

The Rev. Samuel Benedict, rector of St. Paul Protestant Episcopal church at Cincinnati was almost instantly killed in an elevator accident.

H. W Mansfield, the defaulting postmaster of Custer, Wis, was sentenced to six months in the state prison.

C. G. Evans of Peoria, Ills., was sent to jail for sixty days for not paying his divorced wife alimony.

Forty per cent. of the wheat crop in North Dakota is said to be in the shock and a large proportion is sprouting, so that it will be worthless.

At Stockton, Cal., Senator Stanford's 2-year-old, Orion, trotted a mile in 2:15¾ beating Sunol's record of 2:18.

While fleeing to avoid arrest for attempting to kill his father, Dell Baum of Salem, O., was shot by an officer and jailed. Before his capture Baum shot a letter-carrier named Reed.

At Cascade Canon, Colo., while E. E. Doan and his son were hunting, the latter accidentally shot his father, killing him instantly The dead man was superintendent of the Cascade Town company.

Bishops Esher and Bowman of the German Evangelical church, were found not guilty of charges against them by a committee appointed by the conference at Indianapolis.

Richard Willis, aged 16 years, shot and dangerously wounded Joseph Tracy, aged 15, at Atchison, Kan. The boys are students of Midland college.

The committee appointed to pass on the acceptance of the marble statue of Jefferson Davis for the vestibule of the Confederate monument in Jackson have finally decided to accept the statue.

* * *

Frank Harrison, the burglar whose ante-mortem statement was that his home was in San Francisco, died at Eau Claire in the Sisters' hospital after great suffering. He was shot through the body the morning of Sept. 22 while robbing a store.

Charles Emerson, a New York clerk, 38 years old, committed suicide because he could not obtain employment. He had a wife and seven children.

From Jan. 1 to Sept. 30, 2,829 miles of new railway track have been laid in this country.

There is a report that the King of Wurtemberg has left legacies to a considerable amount to the two Americans, Jackson and George, whom he had to send away from Luxemberg in 1889 on account of the protests of the public that he showed them too much favor.

Robbers are reported to have plundered a stage between Linkville and Lake View, Or.

The operatives of every bottle factory in France, whith the exception of those at Planzy, have struck, in obedience to the orders of the Glassworkers' union.

A child of Frank Tory of Randolph, Ills., upset a cup of hot tea. The fluid entered the child's lungs, causing death almost instantly.

By a vote of 296 to 91 the convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen at Galesburg, Ills., approved Grand Master Wilkinson's action in deposing the old board of trustees.

Exports of barley from Canada to the United States for the year ended July 3 were 4,800,000 bushels, as compared with 10,000,000 bushels for the preceding year, before the McKinley tariff law went into effect.

Nearly 4,000 veterans are attending the Kansas state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Abilene.

The board of education at Paxton, Ills., is agitated because it is alleged that the principal of the public schools carries a diploma from Yale college that is bogus.

Russia will not prohibit the exportation of wheat. That country is expected to send 200,000,000 poods abroad.

* * *

Suits have been commenced in northwestern Iowa to dispossess settlers of their lands for disregarding the regulations concerning tree planting.

The National Butchers' association is soon to construct a plant at Dallas, Tex., to furnish its 5,000 members with beef. This will make the association independent of the meat trust.

Articles of incorporation of the Chicago and Southwestern railway have been filed with the secretary of state of Indiana. The total length of the road is to be 230 miles.

The senior class of Macalester college, St Paul, has left the institution to attend the Presbyterian college at Lake Forest, Ills.

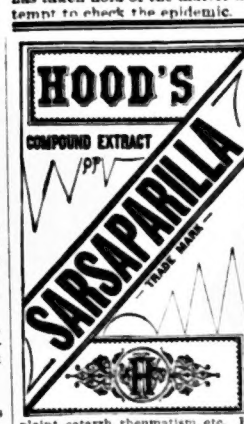
It is rumored that William Evans, secretary of the Morse Wool Scouring company of St Louis, is short $35,000 in his accounts.

Tuscola, Ills., will have a 2,000 foot artesian well; cost, $5,000.

Senators Trofi and Bergelung from Finland, who were sent as a deputation to lay before the czar the deplorable condition of that country, have resigned office in consequence of the czar's refusal to grant them an audience

The influenza is increasing in England. Three thousand people have been stricken with it and fatal cases are very numerous.

Epizootic aptha, commonly known as the foot and mouth disease, has broken out among the cattle in and about Crawfordsville, Ind. The state board of health has taken hold of the matter and will attempt to check the epidemic.



Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 17 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Middleman."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Hanlon Brothers' "Superba."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Tar and Tartar."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Carleton Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Old Jed Prouty."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Robert Downing.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Ivy Leaf."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"Pearl of Pekin."

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan avenue, Adams and Monroe streets. Open 8 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily except Sunday.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN of next week will contain a full short hand report of Mr. Parnell's last speech. It will be worthy of preservation as a matter of historical interest, and the last published expression of the political views of the greatest modern leader of Ireland.

HONOR THE DEAD BY UNITING.

On Sunday, Nov. 11, 1861, Ireland threw off the lethargy that had oppressed her since the death of O'Connell and the collapse of the Young Ireland movement. On that day, amid pelting sleet, and in the teeth of an angry wind, 60 000 of her sons followed the bier of the unrepentant "rebel" of 1848, Terence Bellew McManus, whose relics had been borne back to his mother's breast from far off California by his loving and admiring countrymen. The tricolor of '48, interwoven with the old green flag, waved above the hearse that bore him to Glasnevin cemetery, and, despite the opposition of the then Archbishop of Dublin, the late Cardinal Cullen, the Rev. Patrick Lavelle—afterward tamed into silence by processes only too well known—preached above his grave a sermon that thrilled the heart of Ireland. It rang through the island, from the centre to the sea, like the blast of a battle trumpet, and, from that hour Ireland ceased to weep and began to prepare. The Fenian movement took on a new life. James Stephens moved throughout the country like an avenging spirit, and on many a mountain slope, and by the banks of many a rippling river pike—never destined to be used—were flashing by the hundred "at the rising of the moon."

Merchants, tradesmen, scholars, editors, farmers, laborers, mechanics, even regular soldiers and militiamen joined the great organization. In the public houses, frequented by the soldiery, Irishmen in the English pay openly, and foolishly, expressed their disaffection and their determination, when the proper hour came, to "throw off the red and blue" and strike a blow, with English guns and bayonets, for the land that bore them. When the spring of 1865 arrived, at least fifteen thousand Irishmen in the British army had taken the Fenian oath, and only waited for "the word," which was not given in time, to revolt against the British crown, seize Dublin, in the name of an Irish Republican government and begin the war of liberation. Throughout Ireland, at least 100 000 of the flower of Irish manhood stood ready to second their efforts. Indecision and treachery combined at that time, as in 1796, prevented the revolution, but, when the blow of the government fell upon the leaders of the movement in Dublin in the early fall of 1865, England paled with excitement at the narrowness of her escape, and the London *Times* yelled in mingled fear and wrath—"the Fenian conspiracy has eaten to the very foot of the throne!"

Well might it say so, because not alone in Ireland but also in Great Britain, in India, in the American and Australian colonies, and in the United States, was that mighty organization spread. When, at last, the signal to rise was given in 1867, the Fenian society was but a wreck of what it had been. Its ablest leaders were in prison, transported beyond the seas or otherwise in enforced exile, and there was an end of the Irish revolutionary movement for that period. But, out of it grew reforms that England never dreamed of yielding before. The Manchester rescue and the Clerkenwell explosion attracted the ever vigilant Gladstone, and, appealing at once to the "abject terror" and "quickened conscience" of England, the Irish Church establishment fell and the first Irish land act, for the benefit of the tenantry as well as the landlords, was passed.

Then came a new period of "constitutional action," with Isaac Butt, John Martin and William Shaw as the leaders. The Home Rule movement was inaugurated, ran its slow course under the old chiefs, and finally fell under the potent and daring sway of the only "moral force" leader whose tongue and pen were mightier than the sword. In ten years Ireland, under Charles Stewart Parnell, humbled the Irish landlords, enfranchised the Irish householders, increased the national representation from a fluctuating few to eighty five solid votes in the house of commons; routed two English ministries, and disbanded two English parliaments, until, in April, 1886, William Ewart Gladstone, the greatest Englishman of modern times, gave up the effort to coerce the Irish people into provincial compliance and boldly acknowledged the right of Ireland to an independent, but not a separate, existence.

It is useless, now, to go into the details of Gladstone's failure to carry out his programme. He was beaten by a defection among his own followers, and Charles Stewart Parnell, in an evil hour, and for the sake, as he saw it, of his country's cause, retired from the front to the second rank in the leadership of the Home Rule movement. By degrees, however, the Whig influence, which hung around Gladstone and kept up communication with the Unionist "Liberal" seceders, moved the old statesman from his original position on Home Rule. Sir George Trevelyan was taken back into the party councils, and step by step, the Whigs, as ever, pared down the amount of Gladstone's proposed concession. This knowledge, which came to him perhaps too late, disgusted Parnell. He protested against its unfairness, and, from that hour, he was marked for political destruction by the party which he had barely conquered by his alliance with the Tories, on a promise of Home Rule, in 1885.

Then came his social misfortunes, and Gladstone, still surrounded by the fatal Whig influences, wrote that letter to Morley which he ought to have died before writing. The old man who is the intimate friend of the morally putrid Prince of Wales, whose polluted hand he would kiss as his king, could not associate politically with Charles Stewart Parnell, who had committed a single, and, among English statesmen, a very common act of immorality. Ireland, or most of Ireland, dazzled by the fame of Gladstone, who had been converted to Home Rule by the genius and the courage of Parnell, and influenced by a spiritual body whose capacity for political blundering is co extensive with the history of her unfortunate English connection, in a moment of slavish madness turned in with the English pharisees and joined in the work of stoning her bravest benefactor to death.

After twenty nine years and eleven months, Ireland again, on last Sunday, Oct. 11, rallied and marched 200 000 strong behind the hearse of the leader whose ashes, in sorely repentant mood, she had clasped to her lacerated breast. But it was not the Ireland of 1861 that marched behind that corpse. Another generation had arisen, but, at its head, as if to attest the immortality of Irish "treason" and "disaffection" to the English connection, marched James Stephens, of Ballingarry fame, and John O'Leary, one of the Fenian triumvirs of 1865. Thus the Fenians, whom Parnell befriended, and the constitutionalists, whom he led, joined hands above his bier in the sacred presence of Ireland, their common mother. The dead leader always spoke with respect of the Fenian movement and its leaders, and the flood of tears that wet the soil in which he was laid to rest Sunday, was swelled by none more copious or more bitter than those of the hoary headed men who lived to lament a hero stricken down in the very meridian of his years.

May we not from this spectacle gather hope and encouragement now and in the coming years? Should not our feuds and dissensions be buried with the shamrocks that Irish devotion threw into the dead man's open grave, in the thickening shadows of last Sunday evening? Why should we perpetuate a quarrel that can result only in disaster to Ireland at home and discredit to the Irish race abroad? Why shall not Fenian and Home Ruler work together for the common good and the common cause? No man of the present Irish party is fit either intellectually, or in the true national sense, to take Parnell's place. But his successor may be found outside of its ranks. When France lost Hoche she found Bonaparte. So, too, shall Ireland find a leader worthy of her purpose and of her fame. In our opinion, "constitutional action," under existing conditions, is almost purposeless, but there can be found no wisdom in keeping up a policy of dissension over the tomb of Parnell. Rather let us do honor to his memory which has become

For us a guiding light
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!

MONSTER MEMORIAL MEETING.

At a largely attended meeting held at the Grand Pacific Hotel on Wednesday evening last, arrangements were finally completed for a monster memorial meeting to Ireland's greatest leader, Charles Stewart Parnell. The meeting will be held at Central Music Hall on Sunday evening, Oct. 18, at 8 o'clock. There will be no charge for admittance. Tickets can be had at the door. It is hoped that the Irish people will turn out en masse and that the meeting will be worthy of the cause so ably advocated by the greatly lamented Charles Stewart Parnell.

A USELESS MANIFESTO.

THE CITIZEN, now that Parnell is no more, regards the Irish parliamentary party as a kind of political hulk, drifting in a sea of trouble, without masts, helm or compass. It has shipped a jury mast, it is true, but, even with such temporary aid, it cannot navigate in safety. It is split, also, into a couple of sections by the ever present curse of faction. Parnell's was a name to conjure by, but what power remains for broad leadership in any member of either wing of the Irish party? That the majority of its members are well meaning, honest, and, in some degree, able men is not denied, but not one man among them is fit for the leadership of so mercurial a nation as the Irish. They need an ideal leader—such as Parnell was before misfortune came to him. Until they had such another, whether he advocates force or argument, Ireland must continue to drift. It is only natural to expect that, in view of the leader's recent death under circumstances that must tend more or less to exasperation, hasty utterances will be made. THE CITIZEN was, therefore, not surprised, although it was pained, to read the following manifesto, cabled from England to the daily papers of Tuesday:

"LONDON, Oct. 12.—Parnell's colleagues tonight issued a manifesto deciding to keep up the fight against the McCarthyiter. The manifesto is as follows:

"'Ireland has lost its leader, but the cause of Ireland's freedom remains. We have a duty to the living and the dead. That duty is to maintain erect and unsullied the flag of national independence. You, the people of Ireland, gave into the hands of Charles Stewart Parnell and his parliamentary colleagues, the charge of your political interests, and the honor and safety of your political cause. You asked us by constitutional means to restore prosperity, peace, and freedom to our country under the lead of our illustrious chief. Animated by his spirit and guided by his clear intelligence and firmness of soul, we carried the struggle to the point at which the dawn of victory was seen by all men. In an unfortunate hour a majority of the Irish representatives, at the bidding of an English statesman, broke from our ranks, abandoned the flag of independent opposition, and ranged themselves as followers and satellites of a British statesman. We who address you refused to become parties to this treason, and, relying on the national convictions, maintained intact our allegiance to the independent National party of Ireland, convinced that our people would justify and support us. The great leader is dead, but the cause lives, and relying on your devotion to Irish nationality, we propose to carry on the struggle until the principles for which he lived and died has triumphed, and national unity has been restored. The Parliamentary party is pledged to work for Ireland under the flag of independent opposition and absolutely free from the control of any foreign power or party. This is our resolution. Its realization depends on you. It involves sacrifices and struggles, and we call on you to make them.

"'True to our principles that we are the representatives and instruments of the people, we have resolved to call together a convention of representative Irishmen to discuss in the name of the nation the means by which we can best carry out the policy and programme which he bequeathed us in dying. To our ranks we shall welcome all honest men who believe that the political affairs of Ireland should be controlled and directed by the representatives of the Irish people and by them alone; but with the men immediately responsible for the disruption of the National party, who in obedience to foreign dictation have loaded with calumny and hounded to death the foremost man of our race, we can have no fellowship, and on their guidance Ireland can have no safety. Between them and the men who stood true to the cause of national independence Ireland must choose. On the threshold of the tomb the leader whom we mourn defined our duty in these imperishable words: 'If I were dead and gone tomorrow the men who are fighting against English influence in Irish public life would fight on still; they would still be the independent Nationalists. They would still believe in the future of Ireland, and they would still protest that it was not by taking orders from an English minister that Ireland's future could be saved, protected, or secured.'

"Fellow countrymen, let it be to the glory of our race at home and abroad to act up to the spirit of this message. God save Ireland.'

"The manifesto is signed by Messrs. Alexander Blane, South Armagh; Garrett Michael Byrne, West Wicklow; William Joseph Corbet, East Wicklow; Michael Conway, North Leitrim; Henry Campbell, South Fermanagh; James Laurence Carew, North Kildare; John Joseph Clancy, North Dublin; James J. Dalton, West Donegal; James Gubbins Fitzgerald, South Longford; Edward Harrington, West Kerry; Timothy Harrington, Harbor Division of Dublin; Henry Harrison, Middle Tipperary; Luke Patrick Hayden, South Leitrim; Edmund Leamy, South Sligo; Joseph Edward Kenny, South Cork; Thomas R. Maguire, North Donegal; Richard Lalor, Queen's, Leix Division; Pierce Mahoney, North Meath; Sir Joseph Neal McKenna, South Monaghan; J. Nolan, North Louth; Thomas O'Hanlon, East Cavan; Patrick O'Brien, North Monaghan; James J. Kelly, North Roscommon; John O'Connor, South Tipperary; Richard Power, Waterford; John E Redmond, North Wexford; Edward Shiel, South Meath.

"The absent members were William A. Macdonald (Queen's, Ossory Division), James Leahy (South Kildare), Col. J. P. Nolan (North Galway)."

There are many sentiments in the foregoing document with which THE CITIZEN concurs. The principle put forward is all right, but a faction fight at the present time, or at any time, would be disgraceful. What the signers of the manifesto could not do with Parnell they cannot do without Parnell.

THE PARIS FUNDS.

A recent cablegram from Cork, Ireland, says: "Something in the nature of a panic has been caused in Nationalist circles here by the news brought from Dublin by some of those who attended Parnell's funeral. It has reference to the £40 000 which is known as the Paris fund. It was confidently believed that the death of Mr. Parnell would leave the control of the money in the hands of Mr. McCarthy, the surviving trustee. According to English law this would certainly be the case, but it is said the French law is quite different. The money, it appears, was lodged in the joint names of Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy. There is no mention of any trust, but the money and the securities lie there on the joint call of the two persons in whose names they were lodged. It is therefore Mr. Parnell's heirs who will succeed to his rights in the matter—namely: Mrs. Parnell and his eldest brother, John Howard Parnell. If this reading of the French law be correct they come into the control of £10 000 each. Consternation prevails in the anti-Parnell ranks, as there is no doubt that Mrs. Parnell will at once place her share in the hands of those who stood by her late husband, which will quickly place them in a financial position and enable them to show a good deal of fight." We don't believe a word of the latter part of the foregoing paragraph. It would be madness for Parnell's followers to attempt anything of the kind.

A NEW SLANDEROR OF THE CELT.

One of the most curious and interesting articles that has for a long time appeared in an English magazine may be seen in *Blackwood's* for September. It is entitled "Macbeth; as a Celtic Type," and is written by some one calling herself "Moira O'Neill." If this lady is as Irish as her name, and if her name is really "O'Neill," she is, in spite of her cleverness, as awful a specimen of a Celtic toady as ever put pen to paper, for she cringes before the superior worth of the so called "Anglo-Saxon," and fairly acknowledges that the race of which she comes is an inferior one, and that its most prominent trait is "treachery."

The object of the article is to show that the great, leading desire that possessed Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the wondrous tragedy of "Macbeth" was to portray Celtic nature. "Moira O'Neill" says that the salient traits in Celtic character are treachery, imagination, superstition and unsteadiness, together with some minor ones; that none of Shakespeare's characters possesses all the Celtic characteristics but Macbeth; that he is an intense Irishman and Celt; and that his having been a Scotchman is a matter of no weight whatever, for in his time and for hundreds of years after, the Scotch and the Irish were absolutely the same people. "Moira O'Neill" is perfectly right in this, and she shows plainly, in spite of the erroneous conclusions at which she arrives, that she knows at least something about the history of Ireland and Scotland, and that she might teach a good deal about it to many on this side of the Atlantic who write on the subject. This is about all that can be said in favor of the truth of this curious article. It was evidently written to be little and defame the Celt and at the same time to suit *Blackwood's* and please real treacherous Saxon Celts of the Duke of Argyle stamp, who are never weary of glorifying the race that despises them, and defaming the one from which they sprang.

If Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth" for the purpose of portraying the Celt, it was paying the Celt a very high compliment, for the sublimest language ever uttered by uninspired man proceeds from the lips of that most wonderful of all the wonderful creations of Shakespeare. "Romeo and Juliet" may move us to tears by its pathos, "Othello" may set us wild with the villainy of Iago, "Hamlet" may bewilder us with its metaphysics, and "Lear" may touch our tenderest chords by its portrayal of filial ingratitude; but "Macbeth" overwhelms us with its sublimity and the superhuman clearness of the moral it teaches. It stands out in colossal grandeur, towering above all the tragedies that were ever written—the masterpiece of the great master.

If Shakespeare had no villains in his other plays, if he portrayed no murderers, and if none of his characters dealt in treachery, there might be some excuse for this new Irish female writer saying that he wrote "Macbeth" to expose the Celt; but Shakespeare's tragedies are full of villains compared with whom even Macbeth is almost an angel. Macbeth's murder of Duncan, horrible as it was, was not half so horrible as the murder of Hamlet's father. Both victims were murdered while asleep; but Macbeth's victim was killed by a dagger thrust, while the sleeping Danish king was killed by pouring poison into his ear. Duncan was no relation of Macbeth, but the king of Denmark was poisoned by his own brother. There are scores of characters in Shakespeare as bad as Macbeth, and even worse. Shakespeare, when he wrote "Macbeth," had evidently no thought of Celt or Saxon in his head. The moral he wanted to teach was the danger of ambition and evil counsel. He presents Macbeth to us, heroic and noble; we take leave of him with no virtue left but courage.

If "Moira O'Neill" was not a Celt, her libel on her race would not apppear half so foul. When she implies that "treachery" is a Celtic characteristic, she knows that she is making herself a traitor. All nations have produced traitors, and England, the nation in whose interest "Moira O'Neill" evidently writes, has produced traitors compared to whom even Macbeth was a saint. She should read the history of her own country if she wants to know whether the Celt or the Saxon is the greater traitor, or the fonder of dealing in treachery. For five hundred weary years England's dealings with Ireland were a tissue of treachery. The violation of the Treaty of Limerick was a small affair compared to the other horrible iniquities perpetrated on the Irish. Every "Irish enemy" that England could not beat in battle, she poisoned or had murdered. The massacre of Mullaghmast was so horrible that even Genghis Khan or Tamerlane would have shrunk from perpetrating it. Some of the bravest men that ever drew sword for the defense of Ireland were poisoned by England's emissaries. Macbeth at his worst was less unscrupulous than the 'Saxon.' England had Art MacMurrough poisoned in his own house. She had Owen Roe O'Neill killed by putting poison in his boots; and and it is as sure as anything can be of which there is no absolute proof, that her emissaries followed Hugh Roe O'Donnell to Spain and had him poisoned there. Oh, Moira, Moira! if your name is really "O'Neill," go clothe yourself in sackcloth and ashes and weep not over the treachery of the Celt but over your own!

Lest the "Saxon" should be glorified by Shakespeare, let it be told here that he was no "Saxon" at all. His real name was *Jacques Pierre*, and it was so his grandfather wrote it. Shakespeare was not a "Saxon" by race, but a Frenchman. His name was as un Saxon as is "Moira's." own. R.

MICHAEL DAVITT, T. P. O'Connor, John Dillon, William O'Brien and many others are now engaged in lamenting Parnell dead, although they made the latter life of the living Parnell miserable. Repentant sinners!

MRS C. S. PARNELL was both wise and generous in allowing the Irish people to do public honor to her husband's relics.

AFTER all, the old Irish nation is worthy of honor. The Irish people, defying Liberals, seceders, prelates and politicians, spoke out Ireland's heart in regard to Parnell last Sunday. God save the Irish people. Honor to Dublin!

PARNELL'S last words were: "Give my love to my colleagues and to the Irish people." No words could have been nobler.

"THE English have murdered Charley!" shrieked an old woman in Dublin while the procession was passing. Well, they had a hand in it, indirectly, but it was the Welsh (Welsh?) who finished him.

GOLEOR.

[*To the Editor.*]

Why in the name of common sense do not editors spell that most expressive Gaelic word, *goleor*, properly? It has been adopted into English long ago, but continues to be spelled improperly. "Galore," does not give the proper pronunciation, but *goleor* gives it very nearly. The *l* in the word has a peculiar liquid sound very hard to express phonetically, or by any combination of letters. The nearest approach that could be made to write it as it is pronounced would be *golyore*, but there are only two syllables in it. By right it should be written in two words, *go leor*; but that would make it look rather awkward in English. It means more than "plenty"; "superabundance" is perhaps its nearest English equivalent. It is a pity such words as *go breagh*, pronounced *gobraw*, beautiful, splendid, fine; *go h-aoibhin*, pronounced *gohevin*, happy, delightful, and other Gaelic words of that class are not adopted into English. R.

NASHVILLE NATIONALISTS

Adopt Appropriate Resolutions Upon the Death of Ireland's Patriotic Leader.

[*Nashville American, Oct. 12.*]

A called meeting of the Parnell branch of the Irish National League took place in Simmons' Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was filled with the members of the League and citizens interested in the object of the call, which was to take action upon the death of Parnell. President Killelea presided, and in opening the meeting made a patriotic speech in the following terms:

"Gentlemen, the sad news of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell has sent a shock throughout the civilized world. Mr. Parnell's splendid political career in Ireland and Great Britain lent weight to his counsel. He was the true type of the Irish patriot, in many respects the most powerful foe of English domination that ever lived.

"Many have been the criticisms, many the unfriendly censures, heaped upon his head by cowardly enemies. He may have had faults and have erred, but they were not faults of a bad heart or an evil mind. 'Ireland, the fruitful mother of martyrs,' says THE CITIZEN, 'has been called upon to mourn many a gallant son.' I considered Parnell the man of destiny for Ireland. I think he would have led her people, including her bishops and priests, and that they would have followed him willingly after he had corrected certain errors and after they had gained a larger knowledge and enhanced their stock of charity.

"Alas! poor Ireland! Not only has she lost one of her noblest sons, but the cause of Irish nationality has been robbed of a bright ornament.

"Ireland's bravest son is gone. Let his memory be kept green. A grateful people will bury him in hallowed Glasnevin cemetery with pride and sorrow, side by side with the dust of his great compeers, not dearer or mightier. Parnell was a great man. He loved old Ireland, and his country loved him. He lived for her independence, and she will cherish his devotion. You are called to meet here today to take some action relative to the death of Charles Stewart Parnell, Ireland's statesman and patriot."

M. J. Lafley was appointed secretary. A motion was made that a committee of five be appointed on resolutions, and the chair appointed the following gentlemen: T. J. Tyne, Hon. Chris Power, P. Olwill, James Mulloy and M. J. Lafley. The following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, The sad news of the death of Ireland's distinguished patriot and leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, has reached us, we, the Irish citizens of Nashville, Tenn., assembled to do honor to and commemorate the cherished memory of the dead statesman, who, through many vicissitudes, succeeded in placing Ireland in such a position that it has attracted the consideration and sympathy of the entire civilized world in its efforts to obtain freedom from the yoke of English tyranny.

Resolved, That we recognize and appreciate the eminent services rendered by the late Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, to the people of Ireland and the cause of liberty, and earnestly hope that personal ambition and animosities will be buried with the great leader, whose name should go down in Irish history along with Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell, and other Irish heroes.

Resolved, That the people and party will henceforth present a united front upon the question of their personal rights and their nation's freedom.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the daily papers, and that the bust of Parnell in our hall be draped for thirty days, and a copy of the paper sent to the different Irish papers.

The resolutions were signed by the following committee: T. J. Tyne, C. Power, Philip O'will, M. J. Lafley, and James Mulloy.

After the resolutions had been read, the chairman called for expressions of sentiment from the members present.

Hon. C. Power said his sympathy extended to the dead hero. He could only say that Charles Stewart Parnell had done more and gained greater concessions from the British government than any other leader. He hoped nothing would happen in Ireland today to disturb the good will of the civilized world. The great leader would be buried with respect by the Irishmen of Dublin.

Mr. Timothy also spoke feelingly of the work and deeds of Parnell.

M. J. Martin, who was a Tennessee delegate to the Irish National League of America, at Chicago, addressed the meeting and said that although Parnell was dead his memory lived.

M. J. Tyne said he could only indorse the resolutions and John Downs declared that Parnell was the only man who had obstructed the great house of commons. James Mulloy expressed sorrow at the death of Parnell and Philip Olwill also made some very patriotic remarks.

A motion to adopt the resolutions was put. It was carried unanimously and the meeting then adjourned.

In an interview President Killelea said that he thought the sentiment of the National League in this country was favorable to the elevation of Redmond to the leadership of the Irish people. He says Irishmen everywhere regard Redmond, who is now about 40 years old, as a man in every way capable of healing the division which Parnell's recent course created in Ireland, and that the death of Parnell, while a sad event to the Irish mind, removed the present cause of antagonism.

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of the troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE HERO SLEEPS.

Ireland's Famous Leader and Uncrowned Ruler Laid to Rest Beneath the Shamrocks at Glasnevin.

His Grave is Close to the Tombs of O'Connell, McManus, O'Mahony and Other Illustrious Irishmen.

The English Newspapers Acknowledge the Force and Dignity of the Irish People on a Trying Occasion.

Details of the Obsequies.

DUBLIN, Oct. 11.—*Special Cable.*—The mortal remains of Charles Stewart Parnell were laid in Irish earth today. The funeral was a great political demonstration, splendidly managed, and made an exhibition of p pular power and perfect d scipline that will make a deep impression in England. No such outpouring of the Irish people has taken place since the burial of Daniel O'Connell, and in many respects it exceeded that event. There was no violence, no disorder, and the monster procession, which included the elite of the young manhood of Ireland, presented the appearance of a disciplined army. Those who fancied that the death of Parnell would bring the triumph of his Irish opponents, changed their minds today, and well they might. The body arrived at Kingstown a few minutes after 7 o'clock this morning, having left, four hours earlier, the land in whose political history he will ever be a conspicuous figure

ON A STEAMER NAMED THE IRELAND.

There was no demonstration along the line from London until Chester was reached, when deputations from Liverpool, Manchester, Preston and Newcastle, all destined for Dublin, joined the train. The parliamentary colleagues of Mr. Parnell, including John R-dmond, John O'Connor, Joseph Nolan, Dr Fitzgerald, James O Kelly and Henry Campbell, were among those that greeted the deputations on their arrival at Holyhead, where the train got in a 2 o'clock in the morning, in wet and h-zy weather, that well became the mournfulness of the scene. Groups were collected on the quay to watch the transfer of the c ffin from the train to the mail steamer, appropriately named The Ireland. It was a most depressing spectacle. The darkness, as the body was borne from the train, was unrelieved except by a few lamps that flickered uncannily, throwing a wierd light over the white wooden case that contained the c ffin. The case was bourn on the shoulders of seamen to the side of the vessel.

The Parnellite members of parliament and d-putations followed with uncovered heads, and sobs that could not be suppressed gave testimony to their grief as the procession filed down the double gangway into the ship. The c ffin was deposited in an inclosure specially fitted up for it. Throughout the voyage across the stormy and dark waters that separated the two countries, some of the Parnellites were all the time on guard over the remains of their beloved leader Among the watchers was Lord Mayor Meade, of Dublin; High Sheriff Shanks and J. H Parnell, brother of the departed. The boat made the passage in a gale of wind and rain.

LANDED AT KINGSTOWN

When the vessel neared her pier at Kingstown the downp ur still continued, and those on board, see ng the rain soaked throng which had been waiting there patiently for hours, had a chance to appreciate the vast difference in the depth of popular interest t Parnell's death in England and in Ireland. Here his loss is looked upon in almost every household as a personal bereavement. Conspicuous among the waiting throng were: Richard Power, Dr Joseph E. K-nny, James L Carew, James W Dutton, John J Clancy, T. Rochefort McGuire, Colonel John P Nolan, Patrick O Brien and M J Corbett, members of parliament. With the Irish members, who had followed the body from England, the gr up at Kingstown included nearly every parliamentary adherent of Parnell They all gathered around the c ffin in absolute silence, unbroken even by the exchange of friendly greetings, until after the remains had been transferred to the carriage of the train for Dublin.

A TEARFUL CROWD IN DRENCHING RAIN

It was only the w rk of a few moments to transfer the c ffin from the steamer to the train, which in ten minutes more was at Westland Row Station, Dublin. The scene here was extraordinary. Thousands of men and women were packed close, the rain b-ating fiercely down upon them All were drenched to the skin, but their brimming eyes were fixed on the red car which contained the body of their beloved chief. Everybody was perfectly silent and orderly, and one could hear groans As the oak c ffin, with its cross carved on the lid, was exposed to view, twenty stalwart young men from the Gaelic Athletic association stepped forward and covered the top of it with the Irish flag, deeply bordered in black. Then it was lifted to the hearse. On top of th flag was placed a large cross of lilies and ferns which Mrs Parnell laid on the c ffin when it was taken from Brighton, and which she requested should be kept until it was lowered into the grave. Written on a card attached to this cross were the words: "My True One—My Husband." Three hundred set pieces of flowers were received in Dublin last night and this morning. These were put in separate carriages, and driven off following the coffin and mourners to the city hall

FOR MOMENTOUS OF THE DEAD CHIEF

Nothing in this altogether remarkable funeral could be more remarkable than the conduct of the dense crowd, as soon as the hearse was out of sight. They then caught sight of the pine box which had covered the coffin. It had been left standing on the platform. Before the guards could interfere the crowd bounded across the rails and literally hacked it to pieces with their jack knives. The cover was passed in one direction, the sides torn out and passed in another, people fairly trampling on one another in their frenzy to secure fragments. They fought fiercely, tearful women begging chips from the men until the entire box was demolished. Then they trudged off through the pouring rain to stand outside the city hall until the remains were exposed in state.

As the hearse moved from the station a body of police formed before the procession which, without any design or marshaling, appeared to fall into an orderly line in purely extemporized fashion. A band and the workingmen's unions followed next after the police, the band playing the "Dead March in Saul." Then came the Gaelic athletic societies with their hurlers reversed after the manner of soldiers carrying reversed arms.

As the march progressed the crowds grew denser, and yet they kept clear of the line of the procession, along the whole route to Cork Hill, where the serried ranks of the people occupied every inch of space. The city hall was reached at 8:30 a. m.

IN STATE AT THE CITY HALL.

Delegations from all parts of Ireland were represented in the immense throng, all of them wearing distinctive badges. Banners were strictly forbidden. The city hall was effectively, though not ostentatiously, draped. The Irish flag, bordered with black, floated at half mast from the dome, and a single broad streamer of black cloth was hung so as to form a portiere at the front door. Under the dome of the city hall it was draped in black, with no relief save a white streamer bearing Parnell's last message to Ireland: "Give my love to my colleagues and the Irish people." In the center of the circle the coffin was placed on a dais guarded by a strong frame covered with black cloth. The head rested almost at the feet of the O'Connell statue, on the pedestal of which, draped so as to almost touch the coffin, were two historic tattered flags from Parnell's house, Avondale, which he always treasured because they belonged to his grandfather, Sir John Parnell, and were the colors under which regiments of Irish volunteers had marched in 1782

The most conspicuous floral emblem was an immense cross of lilies, violets and ferns from Parnell's colleagues. On a card attached were the words: "In affectionate remembrance of the man and loyalty to his principles." Some of the cards attached to the floral pieces were significant. The Parnell leadership committee of Belfast sent an Irish cross bearing the words: "Murder, Avenge." A curious wreath, which touched every one who heard its story, was sent by a man from Blackrock. He was too poor to buy flowers, so he dug up fresh shamrocks, cut them into the form of a wreath, fastened with sprays of wild violets.

FOLLOWED BY A MARCHING HOST.

It was not possible to shut off the crowds who wanted to pass around the coffin at the city hall until nearly 2 o'clock, so that the start of the procession was delayed two hours. A few minutes before the start was made the sun broke through the clouds and continued so for the remainder of the day, so that the people in the procession were able to walk under dry skies, though the mud was ankle deep. Dense crowds made progress slow. In order to give the people in the windows a better view, the coffin was placed on the top of the hearse instead of inside, flowers being put in the place usually occupied by the coffin. The hearse was drawn by six horses, with outriders.

At the head of the procession rode the city marshal in uniform. Silver mace in hand, he cleared the way. The Parnell leadership committee marched in lines four deep in front of the hearse, each wearing a band of crape on the left arm, tied with a bow of green ribbon. Following the hearse walked Parnell's adherents in parliament, who covered the entire long route on foot. Members of the municipal council, attired in full insignia of cocked hats and scarlet robes trimmed with fur, followed the carriages, headed by the Lord mayor of Dublin. Next came members of the Gaelic Athletic association, and following the young athletes was a long line of cabs and Irish jaunting cars, which rather detracted from the appearance of the procession.

The sun had gone down and the evening was getting cold before the procession arrived on side the gates of Glasnevin cemetery. The march past the coffin, which was to have been one of the chief features, was of necessity abandoned, and this led to confusion, which blockaded the gates so that it was impossible for the pall bearers to force their way through the crowd. Fortunately a squad of police was stationed near by The officers cleared a road through, and this, so far as can be learned, is the only time during the day when government police rendered the slightest assistance.

DENSE THRONG AT GLASNEVIN

Since early morning, despite the rain, people had gathered at the cemetery. Many of them brought flowers and bits of crape, which they cast into the freshly made grave until the diggers obliged them to stop it. The inside of the grave was lined with newly cut turf. When the sun came out visitors began to pour through the cemetery gates in hundreds Apparently no preparations had been made to take care of them, no guards or barriers had been put near the grave, which was soon surrounded by a dense crowd, that the cemetery employes tried vainly to disperse. Matters grew worse hourly, until fully 5000 people were squabbling for places in the immediate vicinity of the grave. One man was pushed into the grave, but scrambled out unhurt. Within gunshot were a hundred thousand more people who wanted to see the last rites.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that a path was cleared for the clergymen to reach the ground. There were Rev Canon Long, of St Michan's Dublin, and Rev Mr. Frye, of All Souls', Manchester, both warm personal friends of Parnell and belonging to the same branch of the Protestant church. These, assisted by Rev M. C Vincent, conducted a private service at St Michan's church in the morning. They were followed by Henry Parnell, a brother of Charles, Mr McDermott, his brother in-law, Mrs. Dickenson, his sister, and others These relatives brought flowers from Mrs. Parnell and Miss O Shea, which it was specially requested should be placed on the coffin before earth was thrown over it.

BEATEN BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

It took such a long time to force a way through the crowd with the body and lower it into the grave, that the final ceremonies were necessarily hurried. After brief prayers a handfull of earth was thrown into the grave and Parnell's funeral journey of thirty-two hours was over. It was quite dark before the mourners turned away from the grave. With the exception of two hours' delay in starting, mainly due to the unpropitious weather, the arrangements made for burying Parnell worked admirably. Not one of the McCarthy parliamentary representatives or any man publicly identified with their cause appeared during the entire day.

William O'Brien, John Dillon and Sexton watched the scene from the window of a friend's house on the route of the procession. The curtain was kept closed, so that the three members of parliament only had fugitive glances at the great demonstration, while they themselves remained entirely hidden from view. It is said that Mr Dillon had expressed his intentions of witnessing the funeral, whatever the result to himself, and that it was with some difficulty that he was induced to run no more risk than that of a peeping Tom.

POLICE GAVE NO HELP.

The anti Parnellites even refrained from sending flowers to deck their late leader's coffin. In fact, so obvious was their desire to let Parnell's friends have the day entirely to themselves that even priests refrained from putting themselves in evidence on the streets It was probable because this exclusiveness was carried to the extent of attempting to get along without the discipline of municipal police that some trouble occurred at the cemetery

The excitement is so great tonight that no one is able to find out exactly why the police were kept in the background, but the fact remains that except once no employe of the government took part in the funeral or aided it in the slightest degree. Parnell's remains were guarded at the station by a squad of athletes and at the city hall by firemen with big brass helmets. Tim Healy spent the day at Howth, seven miles from Dublin. William Murphy and P. Darcy visited the suburbs of Dublin till evening. Special police officers watched the houses of T D. Sullivan, Tim Healy and John Dillon, but not at their request The city is perfectly quiet.

FEATURES OF THE DAY.

It is estimated that the people who paid their last tribute of respect to the dead leader in the city hall numbered at least 140 000 Nearly all were in the deepest mourning, the men wearing a band of black crape interwoven with green ribbon on the arm, and a large portion of the women also wearing a similar sign of grief. The ceremony of lying in state was intended to close at noon, but the crowd continued so numerous that it was thought but right not to shut out Irish men and Irishwomen from an opportunity to gaze at the casket that inclosed their dead, and it was already after 2 o'clock when the doors at last were shut upon the long continued procession.

The Gaelic athletic organization had for its marshal, walking at its head, James Stephens, the famous Fenian leader; John O'Leary, the former editor of the *Irish People* and other prominent features of the procession were John O'Connor, M. P., leading by the arm the blind M P, W. A. McDonald, of Ossory. Parnell's favorite horse followed the bier.

Along the line of marching perfect order prevailed, although the vast line of mourners surpassed in number any spectacle ever seen in Dublin. No systematic plan seemed to regulate the multitude, yet some fine instinct of reverential order prevailed everywhere, and gave the march an aspect of drilled regularity. It was a motley mob of well clad citizens, side by side with the ragged and the poor. Common mourning seemed to make them all equal for the time. The Dublin municipal representatives and the provincial corporations, trade societies and other organizations, and the 40 000 or more people that had passed through the council hall swelled the mighty line to a length that could not be readily estimated.

The marchers went six abreast. Bands, heading the societies, dropped in wherever chance afforded an opportunity, and sometimes at intervals so near that the different strains made discord, and imperiled the marching cadence which the procession strove to maintain. Long lines of cars and private carriages, including every sort of vehicle, added strength to the cortege. After two of the five miles to the cemetery had been traversed, brilliant sunshine showed both sides of the river Liffey densely lined with spectators. Every point of vantage, roofs, houses and the parapets of the bridge over the river were occupied. Admirable order was kept until the cortege neared Glasnevin.

AN UNEQUALED SCENE.

The sight from the city hall while the vast cortege was in motion was unequaled even by the great outpouring at the time of the O Connell centenary. When the head of the procession arrived opposite St. Catherine's church, the scene of Robert Emmet's execution, a halt was made and every head was bared. In front of the bank of Ireland, the old Irish parliament building, a similar quiet salute was rendered, and a third stop was made at the National club, of which Parnell was the leading member. Many weird scenes were witnessed. Queer looking old men and women, dressed in costumes such as few of the visitors, and, in fact, few of the residents of Dublin had ever seen, were visible in the crowd, having been attracted from remote provinces or from the slums of Dublin by the interest of the occasion. The "Corner Boys," with the inevitable pot hats, were present in force. Not only the upper classes, but the well to do were present, and the rich and poor jostled one another without ceremony Lamentations could be heard everywhere. Frequently women could be seen raising their hands as the coffin passed, and uttering wails, rising to screams of woe. Often the wailers cursed the foes of Parnell, and one frenzied old hag in College Green screamed: "The English have murdered Caerlie," and kept up this dismal refrain until she was removed by the police.

DUBLIN ALL QUIET AT NIGHT.

Most of the better class of public houses remained closed through the day in respect for the dead. The police, who are generally obtrusive in Irish public gatherings, were today conspicuously absent. Tonight the quietness of Sunday prevails throughout the city.

The Parnell train was divided into three sections before leaving Willesden Junction last night, each one being crowded People turned out at almost every station, even though the train did not stop All they saw was a small brick colored car of peculiar make and in such marked contrast to the other carriages on the train that they knew it contained Parnell's body. At Chester, near Gladstone's home, though the train reached there long after midnight, the crowd was almost as large as at Willesden Junction. At Holyhead few people were present. Except for the larger and faster boats the night mail from Holyhead to Kingstown has little to boast over the wretched night mail service from Dover to Calais At Holyhead, as at Dover, ordinary comforts can be obtained only by persons of ability to look for themselves It was a wise move, therefore, on the part of the committee of Irish members who brought Parnell's body from Brighton to arrange for travel on an earlier train than the usual Irish mail with which the boat is specially timed. Parnell was a tall, large boned man. His coffin, at his own request, had been made of a shape rather awkward to handle, and when put in a strong pine outer covering its proportions were almost mammoth. It took twenty three men to lift it across a platform less than fifty feet from the train to the boat

A telegram was sent to Tim Harrington, who had charge of the funeral arrangements on the Irish side of the channel, and he was on hand with a sufficient force of men to handle the coffin easily. It was a wild, stormy night The boat rocking at the wharf in the shelter of Holyhead harbor gave promise of a rough crossing Parnell's body was placed on deck amidships, secured by stout stanchions and protected from rain and spray by a sort of catafalque made of sail cloth. John O'Connor, William Redmond, Henry Harrison and Dr Kenny took turns in guarding it. When the Irish mail arrived another hundred passengers were hustled aboard the already overcrowded boat There was a long delay while the American mail for the Servia was stacked on deck around Parnell's body

SCENES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES

In nearly all the churches of Ireland today some allusion was made to the death of Parnell. In some instances the mention was charitable, in other cases it was a reflection of the language of Archbishop Walsh in the Dublin *Catholic*. Friends of Parnell claim that the bishop had given secret instructions that his memory should be attacked by the clergy with the view of injuring the Parnellite cause as much as possible. In several instances admirers of Parnell left their seats in the churches when they heard anything said of an offensive character.

Today's funeral and advices from all parts of Ireland show that the Parnellite cause has been strengthened by his death, and that he has left a party that will go on under another leader.

MRS PARNELL'S CONDITION CRITICAL

Advices from Brighton today state that Mrs Parnell's condition is pitiable and grows worse instead of improving. Immediately after Parnell's death she was in better condition than now, for, although she fainted, she recovered sufficiently to have some communication with friends, and through their medium with the outside world. She has been growing worse every day, until now she only moans in reply to questions and is unable to speak. The doctors, who are in constant attendance, greatly fear that her condition may grow more critical, and are doing everything possible to restore her, but apparently without effect. The only intelligible sounds that she has uttered in hours have been plaintive cries for her husband.

WITH IRELAND'S DEAD LEADERS.

Parnell's grave is close to the spot where the body of Daniel O'Connell lies in a vault, and where his monument, a tall, Celtic round tower, stands, the most striking feature of the cemetery. In close proximity is the last resting place of the only other Protestant ever admitted to the cemetery, which is exclusively Catholic—that of Tom Steele, O'Connell's eccentric colleague in the long struggle for Catholic emancipation. Near by also are the graves of other famous Irishmen—John O'Mahony, the head centre of American Fenianism, whose body was brought from New York; Terence Bellew McManus, one of the leaders of "Young Ireland," whose body was brought from San Francisco in 1861, and many other men whose memory is dear to the Irish people. A curious coincidence is the fact that the great McManus funeral demonstration was the real foundation of Fenianism in Ireland and was managed, in secret, by James Stephens, the "chief executive of the Irish republic," then in the beginning of his power. Today the bent and white haired Stephens marched at the head of the athletes of the Gaelic clubs, who stepped with the tread of trained soldiers and significantly carried their hurling "commawns" like muskets reversed They are a splendid body of men physically and there was a strong hint of physical force in their action.—*Chicago Herald.*

To Stand by Parnell's Principles.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The National League in Great Britain has issued the following manifesto:

"Six months ago the members of this executive body were appointed by Charles Stewart Parnell to advance the cause of Irish independence in Great Britain Fighting under many difficulties we held our ground and rallied every Irishman who remained true to the principle for which our leader lived and died, the principle of an independent Irish party and an independent Irish parliament. Ireland has received a blow by the death of Mr. Parnell from which it cannot recover for a generation.

"When Daniel O Connell died all was chaos A new parliamentary party sprang up, but failure and disgrace marked its course. Nothing was done for Ireland and the name of an Irish member of parliament became a by-word. Fenianism arose and all was changed. Irish affairs absorbed the attention of parliament, while Irishmen died for Ireland on the scaffold or perished in prison or exile Something was then done. The English state church in Ireland disappeared and the first step was taken in the tardy course of legislation for the protection of the Irish tenant. The power of Fenianism was for the moment broken, but not until it had revived the spirit of Irish nationality.

"Parliamentary agitation followed the momentary subsidence of the Fenian movement, and once more failure marked its course Then Charles Stewart Parnell came and all was changed. Rallying the forces of Irish nationality and everywhere combining revolutionary action with constitutional agitation, he fixed the attention of the civilized world upon the wrongs and miseries of Ireland. English parties and English leaders bowed before him. The Tories vied with the Liberals to gain his support. Firm and inexorable, commanding followers whom he found a rabble and of whom he made an army, he dictated his terms to the English prime minister and the minister granted them. In ten years he did more for Ireland than had been done in generations. Measure after measure bearing his mark took its place on the statute book, and his work was crowned when the prime minister of England brought into parliament a bill to establish an Irish parliament.

"He is gone Ireland mourns over his grave today. What is the duty of those he left behind? What is the duty of the men who followed him to the last in his struggle for Irish freedom?

"It has been said that we fought for a man, not for a principle. It is not true. We fought for the principle which the man embodied. The man himself was indeed a principle, the principle of self-reliance and independence which nothing could sap. To that principle we are staunch.

"It is now necessary for the members of this organization to elect a new president and a new executive committee, and we invite the branches of the National League in Great Britain to take immediate steps to this end. We urge our fellow-countrymen not to despair if victory seems distant. We ask them to take as their motto the last words addressed by Mr Parnell to the executive committee: 'Hold on; fight on.'"

Gladstone's Son's Tribute.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—Rev. Stephen Gladstone, in a sermon at Hawarden today, referring to Mr Parnell's death, said: "A great life has passed away from the battle field of the world—a life of which it was lately hoped that its sun would set without a cloud. Till lately it seemed that his name would go down in history as that of the greatest and most successful man his country ever produced, but with his moral fall becoming known to the world his power to lead a moral, religious people ended Death suddenly swept down on him when he had lost forever the mighty prize for which he had long striven and so much endured—the prize of leading on the people of his country to attain the rights and liberties they so passionately longed for."

Irish-American Parnellites.

OAKLAND Cal., Oct. 11.—At a meeting of Irish American citizens held in this city last night resolutions were adopted expressing regret at the death of Parnell and extending sympathy to the family of the deceased. The position of Archbishop Walsh toward the dead leader, however, was denounced as unchristianlike and uncharitable, and a strong intimation was made that before now the atmosphere of Dublin Castle has charged patriots into castle hacks.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11.—The municipal council of the Irish National League of this city met tonight, and after adopting resolutions of regret for Parnell's death, appropriated $100 for the monument to be erected to him in Dublin.

PARNELL.

BY W. W. MCCORMACK.

The tears are falling fast from Erin's eyes
This cruel night,
In bitter grief for him who, rigid, lies
So cold and white.

He, like the other gallant ones that tried
Her chains to break,
Worked, struggled, fought, and, like to them, he died
For her sweet sake!

He did not die as Owen, Sarsfield, or
The Volunteers,
Lord Edward, Emmett, Orr—remember Orr!—
The brothers Sheares!

But if the time had come for valient men
To shed their blood,
Should any ask would Parnell? Then, oh then
He would, he *would*.

To outward seeming he was cold; but, oh,
His heart was fire,
His pulses throbbed with all the martial glow
Of each grand sire!

Confronting foes where foes are thickest found,
His life was pressed
Hoping to heal his Erin's every wound
At last, at last!

He faced her foes till night had seen the morn,
When friends were few;
He gave them back a scorn for *their* poor scorn
That pierced them through!

He worked while gloomy doubt-clouds 'round him hung
When Pigott's pen
Gave its worst aid to Calumny's foul tongue—
Nor flinched he then!

Courageous, cool, with rarely-gifted mind
And kingly soul
He won the admiration of mankind
From pole to pole.

We little dreamed we from our bravest, best
So soon should part,
But friends distrust sore wounded his proud breast
And broke his heart!

The Irish heart is sad the wide world o'er
This bitter night,
The Irish Sea is sobbing on the shore
At full-flood height!

The tears are falling fast from Erin's eyes
For her loved son;
God grant it be the empyrean prize
That he hath won!

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 1 91.

A Model Railway

The Burlington Route, C, B & Q R R operates 7 000 miles of road, with terminals in Chicago, St Louis, St Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other incidents, families will soon discover that it is losing money Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from its own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf

Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can, at all seasons and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

[To the Editor.]

In an interview in New York, Mr. Davitt made the astonishing statement that Gladstone's Home Rule bill of 1886 was accepted as satisfactory by Ireland. Mr Parnell acquiesced in it only on the principle that a half loaf is better than no bread. But a bill that refused to Ireland the control of the police and kept up the foreign Castle and foreign-made judges, and even fettered the Irish finances could not be satisfactory, and was unworthy to be named a Home Rule bill at all. Mr Gladstone differed from Mr Davitt in confessing that it was inadequate, and at Newcastle he distinctly pronounced against its restriction in regard to the police. To say that Ireland, and Parnell, and all of us must not advance out of our ideas of 1886 is to deny us a right to progress. The chief, if not the only, national advantage from the late faction fight in Ireland is that any Home Rule bill to be offered by the Liberals must undergo a searching criticism on the part of the Parnellites. (The Gladstonian Irish members will of course not dare open their mouths) In consequence of Parnell's rupture with Gladstone the latter will be forced to bring in a better bill than he would have done if all had been plain sailing.

It was little worth the while of the Irish members to disgrace themselves and their country on the questions of leadership. Parnell was *de jure* leader till the day of his death. Then, McCarthy becomes *de jure* leader until the day that the next session of parliament begins. Redmond would be ill advised to accept the place of leader before then, for McCarthy was as legally elected the chairman as was Parnell chairman. No matter what may be done, there will now be an independent Irish party, opposed to the Gladstonian lickspittles. But it would be better if the independent party were outside of parliament, and if the parliamentarians were united there. There would not be much difficulty about uniting with McCarthy, but all his adherents are not like himself. It will be hard to unite with Healy and a few others whose offensive scurrility cannot easily be forgotten. Above all the ghouls who gloated gleefully over Parnell's death cannot soon be forgiven One of the qualifications that constituted Parnell's available as leader was that he was a Protestant. It is clear that Archbishop Walsh has resolved that no Protestant shall lead the Irish party. This is most unfortunate, for English opinion is fierce against clerical control. If the Irish parliamentarians divide into Rome Rulers and Home Rulers the day of emancipation will be far off The crucial test of a true Home Rule bill is, What is to be done with the lord lieutenancy? If the alien head and executive of the government of Ireland be retained, it will be no "Home Rule." W.

The Nally Testimonial Fund.

The friends of P. W. Nally met at Cline's Hall, corner Huron and Wells streets, on Sunday, the 11th inst., with John P. Doherty in the chair. After remarks by the chairman the following subscriptions were handed in:

Am't previously acknowledged.	$185 50	Frank Judge	1 00
P. Loftus	5 00	John Moran	1 00
J. M. Carroll	5 00	P Fitzgerald	1 00
Daniel Wall	5 00	James Kane	1 00
Mark Hardin	5 00	P. Spanian	1 00
John Kelly	5 00	J. Joyce	1 00
John Ward	5 00	John Hickey	1 00
John F Finerty	5 00	S. Keating	1 00
J. J. Fitzgibbon	5 00	S. Kane	1 00
Major W. C. McClure	5 00	James Mahoney	1 00
F D Kinsella	5 00	Chas M Cabe	1 00
M Fitzgerald	3 00	W. J Luby	1 00
John McHugh	3 00	Chas. O Donnell	1 00
Wm. Daly	3 00	John Burke	1 00
John Mullen	3 00	P. A Rowland	1 00
Thos. O N Jones	2 00	Thomas Hogan	1 00
A Friend	2 00	M. O Malley	1 00
M. Fitzgerald	2 00	Jerry O Connor	1 00
P. Morriss	2 00	M D ----	50
Ed Kelly	2 00	Chas. Fallon	50
P R Money	2 00	S Gilligan	50
J Murphy	1 00	J Shubrooky	50
P Keane	2 00	Thos. O M Keon	50
M. Murphy	1 00	Chas. O M Keon	50
P. Corcoran	1 00	C. K ----	50
John McDonagh	1 00	John McKeon	50
R. Mulcahey	1 00	John Moran	50
Jas. Walshe	1 00	John Sheridan	50
P. Shannon	1 00	Thos. Dwyer	50
James Mooney	1 00	W Dunne	50
John Hyland	1 00	M. Horgan	50
John Cavanagh	1 00	Mark Patten	50
James Murphy	1 00		
James Cahalan	1 00	Total Amt	$208 50

All members of the above are earnestly requested to attend Sunday next, the 18th inst., at 3 p m sharp, at the same place. Important business

JAMES MCLOUGHLIN, JOHN ANSBRO, } Secs

Division No 2, A O H.

A new division of the Ancient Order Hibernians was organized at Hegewisch, Ill., recently with the following officers Patrick Cooney, President; Louis Crotony, Vice President; E. F Brennan, Secretary; Anthony Berman, Financial Secretary; P. O'Sullivan, Treasurer

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying; it is equally true that not all is sarsaparilla that is so labelled. If you would be sure of the genuine article, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

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CHILD OF THE CITY STREETS.

Well may you sigh for flowers,
Child of the city streets!
For a leaf from greenwood bowers
Where the cooling breeze retreats.

Only a vernal glint
Cools the fever of your desire,
Only a miser's hint
Of the beauty that lifts us higher.

Where you would have butterflies gay.
And birds to sing untiring,
Falls the shadow of want all day
To deaden the soul's aspiring.

Not for your feet the clover,
Child of the city streets!
Stone presses under and over,
Your heart in a prison beats.

Where you would have flowers blooming
And waters with rainbow spray,
A mountain of stone is looming
To shut the heavens away.

Not for your hot caress
Blooms the lily, white and cool;
It floats in idleness,
A dream on the woodland pool.

Only in sleep for you
The fruited bough dips low;
You wander dreamland through
To find where the violets grow

Stone walls press back the green
God gave for tired eyes;
A narrow court would wean
Your gaze from the very skies.

Hard is your path of duty,
Barren of childhood sweets;
Well may we sigh for beauty,
Waif of the city streets!

—Mrs. N. B. Morange in Arkansaw Traveler.

MR. VAN TWILLER'S ALIBI

The snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already an appreciable number of flakes were collecting on the cape of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm coat as she turned into Fifty-fourth street at a swinging pace. On her head, framed by a soft halo of brown hair in which the drops of moisture glistened here and there, a dark English walking hat had slipped coquettishly to one side. Her cheeks were brilliant from the cutting wind, and her eyes shone with exhilaration as she battled against the storm.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision; a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right "set" of visions, or Bertie, being so little a man, would not have looked a second time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Miss Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that at any other time Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly; but, unfortunately for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description detailed to her only the previous evening by her Cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last faux pas, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society." Dorothy, having agreed with him in spirit if not to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion.

To walk down the avenue in his company, at an hour when all her dear "Four Hundred" friends would be abroad and glancing curiously from their brougham windows or over their shoulders, was a reflection upon her taste and discrimination which she was not ready to endure. Accordingly, before the preliminary greetings were fairly over, she was racking her brain for some way of dismissing him. In vain she meditated a dozen clever feminine maneuvers that, under any other circumstances or in any other locality, would have been practicable. It was Carey himself who finally provided her with the means of escape.

"Awfully jolly, this unexpected pleasure of a stroll with you," he murmured, ignoring the gait that was rapidly reducing him to breathlessness.

"Yes, indeed," returned Dorothy, with false serenity; "only it can't be a very long one, as I intend making a call in this block." This with unblushing effrontery, although well aware that she could walk on to the North river without finding a name on her list.

"A mutual friend?" inquired Carey.

"I think not."

"This must be the house, then, since it is the last one."

Miss Dempsey gave a hasty, surreptitious glance at the window curtains and evidently found some reassurance in their design.

"Thanks, yes. I suppose you will be at the Greys. Good afternoon."

"Oh, the Greys!" cried Carey, fired to fresh recollections; "haven't you heard? Then, if I may, I will wait and see if your friend is in; if not, we can continue our chat."

Now, Miss Dorothy being an independent and somewhat peremptory young lady, and having gone to all the trouble and risk of this subterfuge, was anything but pleased at a turn which left her unwittingly outwitted. But having gone so far it was necessary to play the farce out, and, ascending the steps with a good deal of suppressed indignation, she pressed the bell. The door was promptly opened by a neat capped maid.

"Is Dr. Robinson in?" she inquired glibly, improvising the first name that came to her.

"I believe so, ma'am; will you walk in?"

For an instant Dorothy wavered in total dismay. This was a contingency for which she found herself completely unprepared. Then, as her glance roved from the waiting Carey below to the girl, who had stepped hospitably back, her resolution was taken; to go in and explain, on meeting the doctor, that he was the wrong man, seemed the simplest and most natural way out of the difficulty, and it would rid her of Carey which was the main thing.

The room into which she was ushered gave her, as a first impression, a sensation of cheer and comfort and good taste. It was fitted up as half office, half library, and a fire on the hearth shed its unstable light on two large chairs, drawn up in a suggestively confidential manner within the seductive radiance. Dorothy had made a mental comment of all this before becoming aware that one of these inviting chairs had an occupant, who had slowly risen and was now facing her with an open curiosity which he did not take the trouble to conceal. He was a tall, broad shouldered, athletic young man, with a fine blond head, and did not in the least resemble the family physician of Dorothy's infantile ailments.

"I have been expecting you," he remarked calmly; "won't you be seated?"

"But I called to see Dr. Robinson," explained Dorothy, fully expecting him to claim the distinction.

"I am very sorry," replied the young man, imperturbably; "I am Dr. Robinson's nephew, Neil Sawtelle; he was very uncertain about your keeping this appointment. In fact, he went out, hoping to meet you elsewhere, but left me to receive you if you came, and gave me entire authority to act in his stead."

In the course of her life it is probable that Miss Dorothy had never experienced such a variety of emotions. That it was a case of mistaken identity, appeared plain, but how to account for her presence here, without betraying her name and her reason for ringing the bell, appeared a problem difficult of solution.

"I am sure there is some mistake," she stammered at length; "I am not the person Dr. Robinson expects. I simply wanted to consult him about a slight cold, and will call again."

"As my uncle is no longer a practicing physician, I am sure that cannot have been your object." He drew himself up to his full height, which Dorothy found rather overwhelming, and adopted a sterner tone.

"Do be seated," he repeated; "this is a very serious matter and must be treated seriously. Your acquaintance with my unfortunate cousin is as well known to me in its details as to my uncle. Why try to deceive me?" as Dorothy made an attempt for a hearing.

"But I am not the person you think I am," she declared with spirit. "I am Miss Dempsey."

"Indeed! And to what reason does my uncle, an old bachelor, owe the pleasure of this visit today? You must excuse my ignoring the cold."

He made a quick, convincing gesture as she started, hesitated—and was lost.

"You see it is useless," he went on; "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions, but I beg that you won't force me to be more impolite than you can help."

"When will Dr. Robinson return?"

"In an hour or two at the most. If you prefer waiting for him, that will be even better," and he drew forward one of the easiest chairs.

"But I can't stay here two hours," cried Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed and continuing to stand uncompromisingly.

"Nor is there the slightest necessity for it. Perhaps, if I state the case, it will enable you to see that you can use the same freedom with me as with the doctor, and, also, how little we require of you, provided you are honest, and how unpleasant the consequences may be if you evade. There have been great complications in two of the banks with which my cousin is connected, and actual theft has been committed. It has been proved past doubt at what hour the latter occurred, and suspicion has fallen in the highest places. My cousin will be, implicated in the arrests unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of those interested that he was elsewhere at the time. By tomorrow, or at the farthest the next day, all New York may know of it. For some strange reason he refuses to account for himself. Now, all we require is that you shall state under oath when and where you have seen him since Monday last."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't wish to remain here any longer," protested Dorothy, vehemently.

"Nonsense," replied Sawtelle, almost roughly, interposing himself between her and the door; "my uncle gave me a description of you before he left. The idea of you denying that you know Albert Van Twiller is absurd."

At the mention of the name Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amazement.

"Why, of course, I know him," she said, unguardedly, and then, seeing too late that she was only strengthening his mistake, she sank into the nearest chair with a pitiful wail of distress, which did not help matters.

"Oh, this is perfectly dreadful!" she sobbed, forgetting her dignity and mopping her eyes with furtive dabs.

As for the blond giant on the rug, he looked scarcely less uncomfortable and ill at ease.

"I don't see but that you will have to wait till the doctor comes. If I should let you go it would only mean publicity and an appearance at court and all sorts of complications, which you ought to be as anxious to avoid as we are, Miss McKinney."

"I am not Miss McKinney."

"Well, my uncle will know who you are, anyway."

"No he won't," thought Miss Dempsey, and relapsed into a damp and protracted silence.

"I wonder if you would believe me," she said at last impulsively, turning on him a pair of moist, indignant eyes, "if I told you exactly how I did happen to come here."

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I have made a mess of it," he replied irrelevantly; "perhaps we had better not try any more explanations till the doctor comes. You see, if I had known that you were in the least"—reddening perceptibly—"the least like what you are, I never should have attempted a conversation."

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to this, another half hour passed, reducing her to a state of nervousness that went far toward confirming Sawtelle in his suspicions. At last, to the infinite relief of both, a key sounded in the latch, and bowing politely at her averted head Sawtelle hastened into the hall.

Already the doctor, a hale, hearty man of fifty, was divesting himself of his snowy overcoat, and on catching sight of his nephew he began to speak in a cheery, excited voice.

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me in spite of everything and sailed on a Cunarder this noon. But that isn't the worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to say anything about her. He knew the whole thing would come out, and her testimony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see he has married her—married her, my dear boy, do you understand?"

As Sawtelle made no response, he glanced up hastily.

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a dramatic whisper of despair, "except that I have kept the prettiest girl I ever saw in a state of torture for two hours. She wouldn't explain who she was at first, and seemed so agitated that I never had a doubt about its being the McKinney woman. You said she was dark."

"Black, staring eyes and big as an Amazon."

"You didn't say that. This one is small and thoroughbred to the finger tips."

"Well, well, we must see about it."

And, accompanied by his anxious nephew, the doctor bustled into the room with an apologetic good will that somewhat disarmed the hauteur Dorothy was trying to assume.

"There has been a great mistake, my dear young lady, and one about which my nephew is deeply annoyed, but you mustn't blame him, because he was only following out my instructions although mistaken in the person. And now if you will tell me to what I owe the honor of this visit I shall be very glad if I can retrieve in any way the discomfort you have undergone."

Thus brought to bay nothing was left for Dorothy but to make full confession.

"I am Miss Dempsey, of —— Fifth avenue," she began, but was unceremoniously interrupted by the doctor.

"Not Julien Dempsey's daughter? I knew he left a widow and child. Bless me, what a coincidence! We were chums—old chums at Yale, years ago—but go on, my child."

And then followed the whole ridiculous, mortifying tale, to which the doctor listened with open interest.

"I am glad you happened to come here," he said, not quite approvingly, when she had finished.

"And I hope you are going to exonerate me partially," entreated Sawtelle, who had been preparing his line of defense during the recital; "you can't fancy how humiliated I am or how tempted I was to believe you. If you hadn't acknowledged your acquaintance with poor Van Twiller I should have weakened at the end."

"I do know Mr. Van Twiller, but the acquaintance is only a superficial one. I saw him last at Mrs. Lyle's ball, Wednesday evening, and sat with him some time in the conservatory. I was upset because what you told me seemed so terrible."

"But Mrs. Lyle herself mentioned to me that he was not in the house ten minutes," interposed the doctor; "I think she was miffed. She fancied him for one of her girls, and now he has thrown himself away—poor Albert!"

"Oh, I know how that happened. He told me all about it. He was going home with a Mr. Green, and after he had made his adieux Mr. Green decided to remain, so he sat out a dance with me, and finally went off without waiting for him."

"And do you know what time that was?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"About a quarter or half after 1, when my partner for the cotillon came up. We began to dance it about that time."

"Could you swear to it on paper?"

"Why, yes; certainly."

"Then," shouted the doctor, triumphantly, "he is vindicated, whether he explains or not. This will satisfy the directors so they will drop proceedings where he is concerned. They know already that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daylight to me now. He didn't remember the exact time he left the Lyles', and thinking he was with this woman he has married, didn't want to attract our attention to her."

"And now, if you please, I should like to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey in a pathetic tone.

"Of course, my poor child, immediately. Neil, call a carriage. I will go with you myself and see your mother; also get your signature, if you will be so kind. It will straighten the affair out wonderfully. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction!"

As Dorothy swept from the room, Sawtelle made a brave, if ineffectual, attempt to attract her attention, but, as she steadily refused to be aware of his presence, his conscience permitted him to retain a small, soaked wad, which was easily concealed in the palm of his hand. Subsequent events have led us to believe—so tender were his ministrations and pressures between the volumes of a new set of Ruskin—that in course of time it became less like a rag and more like a respectable handkerchief.

It is now over a year since these events occurred, and we hear that the article in question, together with a number of other worldly goods, is to be delivered to its rightful owner. How it all came about, those who have not begun their love affairs with a little animosity will never be able to conjecture, but we have it direct from the lips of the round and ever rubicund Carey himself:

"The latest engagement, my deah fellah, is Miss Dempsey's to a person named Sawtelle. Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarchs' in his life!"—Mary Golding Lanman in Epoch.

Made Him Vewy Angry.

"Why did Chappie resign from the Seventh?"

"They wouldn't let his valet attend drill and carry his gun on parade."—Harper's Bazar.

Why She Didn't Come.

Clara—I thought you expected your French maid on this steamer?

Maud—I did. But the steamer didn't stop at Queenstown.—Life.

ONE NIGHT OF TERROR.

EXPERIENCE OF A TRAVELER IN AN UNCIVILIZED LAND.

Journeying Through Kurdistan He Makes a Halt Among a Very Strange Tribe. Awakened from a Sound Sleep He Is Robbed and Left Naked and Bound.

"Talk about experiences that turn one's hair gray in a night," said a gentleman whose curling locks were as black as the traditional raven's wings. "I had one once which, according to the authorities, ought to have made me not only gray, but baldheaded, if the traditions are right, which I don't believe they are.

"It was in Kurdistan that my experience occurred. I was traveling through that forsaken country merely for the purpose of seeing it, and I was accompanied by but two men—Jean, a French servant, combining in his own personality all the excellencies of cook and valet, and a Prussian guide named Multi, whom I had engaged for the trip. We had two horses and an ass, which Jean rode and on which he carried the utensils necessary to the cuisine. We had been in Kurdish territory for four days, had passed through several villages, and I was just beginning to think the Kurds were a pretty decent sort for a half savage people, when one night we came to a little town that I never succeeded in finding on any map, and I decided to put up for the night.

"I saw the head man of the village, and despite the fact that he was as villainous a ruffian as I had ever met, his words were those of welcome and hospitality. Now I had never heard of actual brigandage among the Kurds, who, while they are semibarbaric and fierce, are essentially a race of shepherds and small farmers. So when the head man assigned me a hut I felt remarkably secure and rather thankful, despite the fact that I knew I should have to pay liberally for my accommodations. I bought a sheep, and Jean soon transformed it into a savory stew. Supper over, I smoked a few pipes, and rolling myself in a traveling rug lay down on a cot of ill smelling sheepskins to sleep.

AWAKENED FROM SLEEP.

"I did sleep, and soundly, too. The first awakening I had was when a shrill shriek rang in my ears, and I jumped up to find myself surrounded by burly ruffians, armed with ferocious looking knives, and to see one of their number withdraw his ensanguined blade from the breast of my Persian guide, who lay as he had fallen on awakening, across his pallet. Jean was in the grasp of two more of the party, and so frightened that he could not speak. I was sure at first that they intended nothing less than to instantly dispatch both of us, but as I heard them parleying and disputing I gathered hope. They ransacked the place, took everything we had except our trousers, tied us tightly and departed.

"The hut was entirely cleaned out as far as our effects were concerned—portmanteaus, revolvers, rugs, coats; even Jean's cooking utensils were gone. In agony I lay till daybreak, and then, hearing some one passing, I shouted at the top of my voice. A Kurd entered, and he was not of the visiting party of the night before. Now I didn't know a word of Kurdish, and poor Mufti was dead. I finally made him to understand that I wanted to be released, but he only grinned and shook his head. Then, remembering the name of the chief, I repeated it several times. He finally shuffled off, leaving me in an agony of suspense as to whether he intended going to that personage or not. After half an hour's wait, however, the chief appeared. He gave some order, and we were immediately cut loose.

"Once my hands were free, I succeeded in explaining to him finally by pantomime what had occurred. He seemed to understand, and sent for some one else.

HELP FROM FRIENDS.

"The party sent for appeared eventually. He wasn't a Kurd, but a Persian, and he spoke a little French. I told him of the outrage and he told the chief. Then he replied to me that the chief said he could do nothing, as the robbers must be of another band or village. This I greatly doubted, as I was sure I had seen two at least of my assailants loitering around when we arrived, but of that I deemed it best not to speak. I implored the chief to give me an escort back to the last town I had left and where two Englishmen and their retinue were stopping. I knew one of the Englishmen, and promised to amply reward him if he would do so. He finally consented to that and furnished me with a guide and two asses upon my swearing to him that I would pay the man, he also agreeing if he could get track of our assailants to visit summary punishment on them.

"So Jean and I finally set out, and the next day, hatless, coatless, penniless and nearly starved arrived at the head town of the section, where I borrowed some supplies from my friend, paid the Kurd who had accompanied us about ten dollars of American money in Persian silver, and whence, rehabilitated in borrowed raiment, we set off for the Persian frontier. I afterward learned that our friends of the Kurdish village were notorious robbers and murderers, and that the chief himself had been seen later wearing my coat and riding my horse. I'll tell you I never crossed the Kurdish border again, and I don't ever intend to. I like travel, but in the future I'm going to keep under the flag of some civilized or semicivilized nation."—Chicago Times.

Wanted His Band.

Band Leader—You vants us to blay mit der funeral? Ees it a military funeral?

Stranger—No, it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral.

Band Leader (proudly)—My pand, eh? Vy he shoose my pand?

Stranger—He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.—New York Weekly.

A Good Fee.

Ministers in New England villages are not usually the recipents of liberal salaries, and the number of marriages in a year is seldom large enough to make the fees much of an addition to the slender sum. The fees themselves are apt to be slight, and sometimes are omitted altogether, although the clergyman is usually presented with some little "remembrance" of the happy occasion.

One clergyman has a good many amusing stories to tell of his "wedding experiences," but he once received a wedding fee which has never been duplicated, and which, he says, lasted ten times as long as any other which was ever given him.

He performed the ceremony which united the daughter of the Widow Robbins, the thriftiest housewife of his parish, to a poor but estimable young man, whom the widow had selected for her son-in-law, and with whom her daughter had dutifully fallen in love.

The wedding was a merry one, and as the "officiating clergyman" was putting on his coat in the hall, ready to start for home, the Widow Robbins bustled out to him and said: "I sent Harry over with your fee about half an hour ago, Mr. Lathrop. I told him people wouldn't miss the groom for a few minutes, and sure enough they didn't. He said he gave it to your wife, and I hope you'll like it; you always have!"

Mr. Lathrop murmured his thanks and hurried home to be greeted by his wife, whom a severe cold had kept in the house, in a voice shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Where is my fee?" demanded the clergyman. "I hear it has been put in your keeping."

"It's on the dining room table," faltered his wife.

He strode out to the dining room, and there on the table were ranged four rows of glass jars, three in each row; they were well filled, and labeled respectively, "currant jelly," "chili sauce," "sweet pickles," and last but not least, "raspberry jam."

"We had a good laugh, of course," says Mr. Lathrop, "but we also had some of that 'fee' the very next day, and we never enjoyed one better."—Youth's Companion.

Through the Tunnel.

A railway mail clerk, who has a car to himself, left it for a moment to run forward and speak to the engineer as the train stopped for water at a station in the Allegheny mountains, just west of the great tunnel. When the boiler was filled and the train started he sprang for his car.

The entrance to the car was on the side, and a solitary handle offered itself to the grasp of the passenger. As the clerk seized this hurriedly and pulled himself up he discovered to his horror that the door had jarred shut, and could not be opened from the outside.

At that moment the train shot into the tunnel. The man shrieked for help, but the noise of the train drowned his cries, and with both hands grasping the handle, his feet on the iron step and his body glued to the side of the car lest he should be dashed against the jagged wall, he was carrred into the darkness.

As the tunnel is a mile long and the atmosphere almost stifling, the hapless man's predicament can be better imagined than described. When the train came out into daylight again the engineer looked back, as usual, to see if the train was following, and discovered the mail clerk in his perilous position.

The train was stopped as quickly as possible, and the engineer and conductor hastened to the man's rescue. He was all but demented, and on being assisted to the ground fell unconscious.

For six months afterward he was under a physician's care, and when he had recovered from the shock he said:

"The tunnel seemed at least ten miles long, and my head, I thought, was hollow, with the smoke rushing in at my mouth and nostrils and pouring out again through my ears. Whenever I think of it my brain reels and I feel myself crouching, just as I crouched against the outside of that car, while being dragged through that horrible darkness."—Washington Star.

Considered Her Case Incurable.

"I can't find that there's anything the matter with your daughter, sir," said the superintendent of the asylum when the old gentleman called to make inquiries. "She's been here two weeks now, and she talks as rationally as any woman I ever saw. There's nothing erratic in her actions either."

"I know it," said the old gentleman. "Poor girl! She's in no way violent now—just a little weak minded—but there's no telling how soon she may be raving, so I thought it best to have her under treatment. There's no use taking any chances."

"Quite right! Quite right!" admitted the superintendent. "But, frankly, I don't quite understand the case. She seems to be extremely intelligent and is a remarkably bright looking young woman. What have been her symptoms?"

"There has only been one," returned the old gentleman, solemnly shaking his head. "Only one," he repeated, "but that convinced me"— He tapped his forehead significantly, and then added, "She persisted in riding in the smokers' seat in the street cars."

The superintendent looked serious.

"I'm afraid she's here for life," he said. "I never knew of a cure in such a case. I suppose she looks insulted when any one lights a cigar?"

"Oh, yes; always."

"The most aggravated form of the mania," said the superintendent. "I'll do the best I can, but I have no hopes."—Chicago Tribune.

The Largest Tip.

The most valuable tip ever received by a waiter was £1,200, which we are assured on excellent authority was given some time ago by an eccentric customer to a waiter in a restaurant in Leicester square, London. The lucky recipient is now proprietor of a flourishing public house in the south of England.—London Tit-Bits.

MARIA WHITE AND LOWELL.

How the Gentle Influence of a Devoted Wife Helped the Great Poet.

The biographers of James Russell Lowell are already pointing out that the main direction of his life was determined by a woman. So many men of genius have been shipwrecked in marriage that it is good to dwell on the signal cases of the contrary result. When Lowell first formed his attachment to Maria White he was unquestionably at the parting of the ways. He came from college popular and brilliant—indeed, perilously brilliant—with strong literary instincts, but morally immature. His suspension from college on the eve of graduation did not come, as is now charitably suggested, from irregularity in attendance on prayers, but from a more serious offense, indicating a more dangerous possibility.

That he was saved from the reckless career of so many gifted men was partly due, of course, to his own better nature, but largely to that strongest influence which can be brought to bear on a young man of ardent impulses—a pure love toward a noble woman. Beyond this came, and from the same source, the substitution of a reformatory spirit for a conservative one. Here, again, it is true that the memory of his grandfather—who wrote that clause in the Massachusetts constitution which abolished slavery—might have brought him to the side of the abolitionists sooner or later.

What is certain, however, is that the visible source of influence was Maria White. In 1838, in his "Class Poem"—not delivered by reason of his suspension from college, but printed without his name, and afterward suppressed by himself—he had denounced and ridiculed the followers of Garrison. In 1844 his volume of poems contained a sonnet to Wendell Phillips, identifying the poet fully with the class he had before attacked. This was also the year of his marriage.

Yet Maria White was a singularly gentle person in her aspect and manners—fair, sweet, benign, thoughtful, ideal—and it was beneath the surface that the firmness of purpose lay. She had been for a time a pupil with her cousin, the late Maria D. Fay, of Cambridge, at the Ursuline Convent of Mount Benedict, near Boston, and was there, if I mistake not, at the time it was burned by a mob. This may well have imbued her with the love of religious freedom—I know it had strongly that effect on me as a boy watching the flames from Cambridge. She had also been a member of some of Margaret Fuller's classes, and shared their tonic influence. She had also spent much time in the study of the Rev. Convers Francis, of Watertown, a man of unusual learning, and a reformer, though a mild one.

At his house she had doubtless met his more potent and energetic sister, Lydia Maria Child. Moreover, Maria White's own brother, who was Lowell's classmate, had given up all else to devote himself to the antislavery agitation, becoming an itinerant lecturer in the cause. It was in a manner a foregone conclusion that Maria White should be a reformer, and equally so that her lover should. He was, as he has since said, "by temperament and education of a conservative tone'," and it needed a strong influence to transfer him to the progressive side. But for many years following—indeed, up to the time of his first wife's death, in 1853—he was in his general attitude a strong reformer.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Only Reform Needed.

What I consider is the only reform needed for woman's dress, writes Clara Conant Gibson, is for a simple, neat fitting dress, ample enough in fullness for ease of gait, the skirt of the dress to escape the ground by a couple of inches; a comfortable fitting corset, short at the hips and not tightly laced; the neck dressed medium high and a loose enough fitting sleeve, and high enough at the shoulder to admit of any easy play of the arm and hand for whatever purpose its owner requires of it. The dress may vary in texture and elegance of embellishment according to the purse and social status of the wearer and the occasion upon which it is worn. With such a dress a woman may be free to promenade Fifth avenue, climb a mountain side, take long walks like our English cousins, or go to business like so many American girls. It will give ease and freedom to the play of every muscle and make a woman attractive, which is her proper ambition.

Amateur Gypsies.

Two young ladies spending the summer at Goose Rocks, Me., one of whom is said to be worth a quarter of a million in her own name, indulged in an escapade a few days ago which yielded them a good deal of amusement and had one practical result. Both are skilled musicians, one playing the banjo and the other the guitar. Donning the most dilapidated and picturesque combination of feminine wearing apparel which could be procured at the Rocks, they went over to Kennebunk beach, and for the day were successful in palming themselves off as gypsies.

In return for the music given they solicited contributions from the guests, and so well were their efforts appreciated that their day's prank netted them about eight dollars. Hearing of an unfortunate family who had lost their all by fire, the girls gave them the profits of their expedition, which certainly panned out better than most such jokes.—Lewiston Journal.

Miss Foster's Project.

Miss Marion Foster, the "little invalid artist" of New York, is at the Ocean House, Newport. Miss Foster is a niece of Secretary Foster, of President Harrison's cabinet. She is looking up subjects from every state in the Union for her historical painting for the World's fair at Chicago, in 1893. Miss Foster proposes to put on canvas the most distinguished statesmen, senators and members of congress who will be in office in 1892-3. The paintings, after the exhibition of the World's fair, will be returned to the capital.—Boston Woman's Journal.

NO A ..OME THERE.

Why Don't P ople Arrange to Have a Specia Courting Room?

Have you e er been in a house where there is a co ple courting? It is most trying. You think you will go and sit in the drawing room, and you march off there. As you open the door you hear a noise, as if so nebody had suddenly recollected some hing, and when you get in Emily is over by the window, full of interest in the opposite side of the road, and your friend, John Edward, is at the other end of the room, with his whole soul held in thrall by photographs of other people's relatives.

"Oh," you say, pausing at the door, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"Oh, didn't you?" says Emily coldly, in a tone which implies that she does not believe you.

You hang about for a bit; then you say:

"It's very dark. Why don't you light the gas?"

John Edward says: "Oh, I hadn't noticed it," and Emily says that papa does not like the gas lit in the afternoon.

You tell them one or two items of news and give them your views and opinions on any current question; but it does not appear to interest them. All they remark on any subject is, "Oh!" "Is it?" "Did he?" "Yes," and "You don't say so." And after ten minutes of such a style of conversation you edge up to the door and slip out, and are surprised to find that the door immediately closes behind you and shuts itself without you having touched it.

Half an hour later you think you will try a cigar on the piazza. The only chair in the place is occupied by Emily, and John Edward, if the language of clothes can be relied on, has evidently been sitting on the floor. They do not speak, but give you a look that says all that can be said in a civilized community, and you back out promptly and shut the door behind you.

You are afraid to poke your nose into any room in the house now, so after walking up and down stairs for awhile you go and sit in your own bedroom. This becomes uninteresting, however, after a time, and so you put on your hat and stroll out into the garden. You walk down the path, and as you pass by the summer house you glance in, and there are those two young lovers huddled together in one corner of it, and they see you and are evidently under the idea that for some wicked purpose of your own you are following them about.

"Why don't they have a special room for this sort of thing and make people keep to it?" you mutter, and you rush back to the hall, get your umbrella and go out.—Albany Argus.

Webster's Income.

The legal profession of the present day will be surprised to learn that Mr. Webster, the greatest American lawyer of his time, made but $15,000 a year by his practice. But the fees of counsel between 1840 and 1850 were not what they have been since.

In 1848 I accompanied a client to Mr. Webster's office in Boston and asked him to name a retaining fee in an important patent case. He said he thought a couple of hundred dollars would do. When the case was tried his fee was only $1,000. On another occasion I paid him a retaining fee of $2,000 for the proprietors of the Goodyear india rubber patent.

His fee for arguing the great equity cause of Goodyear versus Day in the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Jersey, by which he established the validity of the Goodyear patent, was $5,000. This was in the spring of 1852, and was the last case he ever argued.

His professional income from 1818 to 1823, during which period he was out of congress, averaged, I think, $20,000 a year.—Cor. New York Sun.

The Monogram Must Go.

A momentary fancy prevailing among fashionables shows an entire discarding of the long cherished monogram. No longer do artistically entwined initials decorate cardcases, portemonnaies, etc. Form dictates that whether for change purse, memorandum book or satchel, an antique silver coin shall be sunk in the leather on the upper corner of the article. The crest of the owner is boldly engraved on the bit of metal, while lettered like a motto the name runs around it in quaint characters. Smart folks, scrupulously observant of fashion's vagaries, also confine their selections of note paper to mauve gray and very soft blue, the colors being invariably embossed with silver. Shaded colors are a novelty, but conservative and possibly the best style women still hold to ivory toned paper and silver lettering as preferable to fancy shades.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Some Indians Paint.

All our North American Indians paint, and the patterns vary with the individual, with the family and with the occasion. From notes made upon Sacs and Foxes painted for the dance we will give but one or two cases. One man's face was painted black, except around the eyes and mouth, which were scarlet. Upon his forehead was a neat checkered pattern of yellow on the black background. Another's face was divided by a vertical line in two parts—one of which was a bright yellow, the other an equally bright green.—Popular Science Monthly.

Prolonging the Tomato Season.

The fact that the tomato will ripen fairly after plucking enables the southern grower to market his crop in the far north. It also allows us here to prolong the season of the natives. Well grown but green fruit, picked before frost into shallow baskets or boxes, and kept in a a dark, dry room, ripens gradually for the table and may thus be eaten, often until November or later.—Boston Transcript.

The fragrant kernels of Prunus mahaleb strung as necklaces are much valued by the women of Sind and other parts of India.

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. R. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 533 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomnucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Eobal, pastor. Residence 457 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st. between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 851 S. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Symon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, S p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court, No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Eberman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schultz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 570 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bobrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Corneli st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Merach, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 735 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 378 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Farron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V. P.; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted st, Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 609 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholson, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 356 N Market st.; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2822 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan, Ire James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 18—Pres., M. LeFlus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Feaney; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2933 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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P. McHUGH, ATTORNEY 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN McHUGH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John McHugh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof

Dated Chicago, September 30 1891
MARY McHUGH, Administratrix.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

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CONSERVATRIX SALE

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County in the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Groter, a lunatic.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of that certain decretal order, entered on the First (1st) day of October, 1891 in and by the Probate Court of Cook County in the State of Illinois, in the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Groter, a lunatic, upon the application of the undersigned Auguste Kennedy, the Conservatrix of said lunatic, for leave to sell the hereinafter described real estate of said lunatic, I, the said Conservatrix, shall at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, the 30 ond (2d) day of November, 1891 at the east front door of the Court House, on Clark street, in the City of Chicago County of Cook, and State of Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the right title and interest of said lunatic, Orlow H. Groter, in and to that certain real estate, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nine (9) in block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block Two (2) of Assessor's division of the east half (½) of the northwest quarter (NW ¼) of Section Eight (8) in Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third 3d) Principal Meridian.

Dated Chicago, October 5, 1891.
AUGUST KENNEDY.
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Groter, a lunatic.
David Sullivan, Conservatrix's Attorney.

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SANTA CLAUS SOAP

My Country: 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died;
Land where our Mothers cried,
Over the wash-tub tied
Let freedom ring.
My native country thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy tucks and frills
But oh: what laundry bills;
My soul with horror thrills;
When I think of thee.
Let music swell the breeze,
And blow through all the trees
Hail SANTA CLAUS:
Let tired mortals wake
And gladly try a cake,
Let all for cleanness sake,
Join the applause.

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REPRESENTED BY

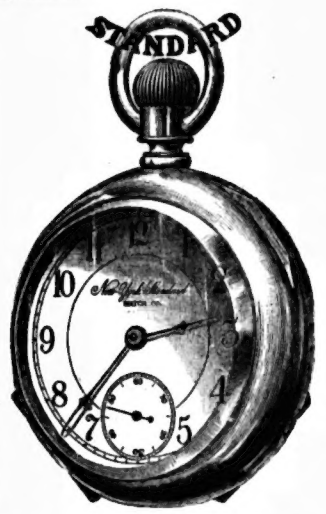
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN

Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES,

For Sale to Subscribers and Regular Readers of "The Citizen."

For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:



No. 1 is a genuine New York Standard watch, in a solid nickel silver case, open face. The works are jewelled, and the watch is a stem winder and setter. We will send this watch, which is guaranteed to keep correct time, by registered mail, prepaid, for only $5.50.

No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is gold filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years The price for open face is $13.25 and for hunting case $16 50, postage and registry pre-paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Long Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $50. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

ADDRESS

"The Citizen" Newspaper Co.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

McAVOY BREWING COMPANY.

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LAGER BEER.